

THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, FEB. 1, 1831.

DEAR TIM: I wish you'd been in New-York the last two three weeks just to see what hands they are for sleighin here. Broadway is chock full of sleighs all day long and half the night too. I guess the old road to our meetin-house of a Sabba-day is a fool to it—you've no idee what a string on 'em—all sorts and sizes. There's one built like a boat and painted tri-colored to look like the french revolution. Some mount arm-chairs on hoop-poles and drive away to kill—others hatch up an empty sugar-box and make a sleigh on't, and one feller drove thro the streets on a side of sole-leather tied to a horse's tale.—There was one sight beat these all holler tho—I was standin to our dinner-room winder the other day ain fashions, when I saw a skeleton of a sleigh with COLE BLACK ROSE painted on't, and a great black nigger settin on the hind seat with green spectacles on, drivin—drivin what Tim? a horse? no—a jackass? no—but a regular-built cow. This is clean against scripser if I read my bible right, but I couldn't help laffin to see that nigger in green spectacles. I guess in Kentucky they'd gouge his spectacles out quick enuff and his eyes too, but the mancipation society wont let a nigger be imposed on here.

I'll just tell you a little bit of a circumstance to show how independent the New-York niggers feel. Their meetin lets out about 9 o'clock on sabba-day night and then Broadway is lined with 'em as thick as a flock of black-birds. A white man cant get along without walkin in the gutter. I always try to keep out of the way, but one night I got caught right in the thickest on 'em. I was poken my way thro 'em when I saw right afore me a stout lookin man with a cloak on and a segar in his mouth smokin.

I thought as much as he was a Kentuckian by his walk and sure enuff the nigger gals gave way by instinct and let him walk inside; but one great fat wench himby came along and seemed determined to take the inside of the walk herself. The Kentuckian didn't turn to the right nor left but just walked smash against her; and sent her sprawlin into a snow-bank. By golly! what a bellowin she set up—"Wha—wha—wha—murder—fire—help—wha—wha." The niggers flocked round thick as muskeeters and the gal kept kickin and bellowin wah—wah—wah—and wouldn't be pacified till two watchmen came up and lugged her off to the watch-house.

I guess there was as much as fifty niggers besides the watchmen and myself all went to the watch-house together. The watch-house, as they call it, is nothin but a large room in the cellar of the city hall right by the maren court. I told you of. It was plagy close quarters there—all round the sides of the room were the watchmen snoring away like a pen full of gruntern—the air was so thick you could cut it with a jack knife. In the middle of the room was a pine board pew where the captain of the watch sot. The gal was brot' up afore him and he axed her what she'd been doin. "Wha—wha—wha"—she bellowed out so loud nine or ten watchman sprung up and axed what was the matter.

When the Captain spoke to her again, she kind of come to and rolling up her eyes, wanted to know where she was. One of the lamp holders stept up and sticking a light right in her face—"You're in the watch-house, you black screech-owl," says he, "less noise if you please." "Me a screechowl?" bawled the nigger gal, "me a screechowl! oh what scandalous names to call a female!" "Come, come marm," says the captain, "there is no use of palaverin—just tell your story and clear up your character." "My caricature! my caricature!" says her black ladyship, "I'd have you to know, sir, my caricature is pure as snow." "Well that's pretty dirty in the streets just now," said the Captain, "and you was found rolling in it too." "Oh lora! wha—wha—wha," bellowed her ladyship again, "I was shamefully

knocked down, I never used no provocation—here's all these gemmen can pertest to my innocence."

The nigger wenche's tongue begun to run like a mill-clapper. So the Captin called upon two or three of the nigger gentlemen present, who all swore to Miss Dinah's respectability and he dismissed her with a caution not to make such a racket when folks are going home from meetin. "I fancy not," says Miss Dinah, making a most gracious curchee. Now if these niggers aint a leetle too grand for a city of white men I don't know. Talk about civilizin and colonizin them. Why they know too much for that. They are too fond of imitatin our good society folks to take lessons from the natives of Africa.

When I went home to bed that night, I guess I didn't dream of nothin but niggers schreechin and bawlin wha—wha—wha—and dancin round my bed and rollin up their eye-balls like so many ducks in a thunder-storm. Finely I got into a comfortable doze, and the night-mare went off. I guess it was about 4 o'clock in the mornin when I was waked up by a sort of hammerin on top of the house—I sleep in the garret chamber—just like somebody tryin to brake in. I cocked up my head and harkened to hear what it was—when again I heard the feller at work. I sung out and axed him what he wanted, but he didn't seem to mind what I said at all. I jumped up and looked out of the winder which opens on the roof, but couldn't see nobody. Just as I got down the feller went at it again.

I began to feel a leetle skittish now tho you know I aint much of a scarecrow. I thought somebody wanted to rob me, because I had a 20 dollar bill in my pocket-book and the old bull's-eye gransir wore in the revolution. I took the watch and pocket-book and jumped into bed with em, determined that I wouldnt give em up so easily. Just as I got cleverly under the bed-clothes, the feller at it again—knock—knock—knock—I hollowed out to him but all the answer I got was knock—knock—knock.

I couldn't stand it no longer, for I thought the feller must be pretty nigh in law. I sprung up and slipped into my trowies in less than no time and takin my things with me run down stairs to alarm the folks. There warnt none of em up but blue Sal the cook and she couldnt do no good—so I went to the old lady's room and sung out to the door that somebody was tryin to brake in—she jumped up and threw on her duds and both on us run to Major Breeche's room to get him up too. The Major was in the last war, and is a pretty brave feller considerin. It was not long before all the house was alarmed and came runnin into the dinin-room, some half dressed and some with nothin but a blanket on. I guess you'd have thought it was the old Naraganset tribe—we looked so comical.

When we got breath and courage, one began to ax what was the occasion and then another and another—and so I told em if they'd follow me I guessed I'd show em—so I led the way to my room and the rest of them followed after. It want long afore the feller went at it knock—knock—knock—and I couldn't help laffin to think what a knock he'd get when we caught him, for the Major had his army sword and pistol with him loaded with buc-shot. The Major said he'd bring the feller down, and so he goes to the fire-place and putting his head up the chimbley, he hollows out for who ever was there tryin to brake in to come down or else he'd fire.

In less than no time down comes the feller head foremost half frightened to death—who do you guess it was?—It warnt no robber—nor a monkey—but a leetle infernal chimbley sweeper! I felt a good mind to take the Majors pistol and shoot him—but the rascal squatted down on his hind legs and lookin up to me with his suttly face yelped out "Oh gor a massy, Massa! oh gor a massy, me no mean to friten you—me only sweep Misses chimbley and me do nothin else"—I saw how it was now—the leetle rascal's scraper had made that knock—knock—knock—and as I never heard it afore, no wonder I was a leetle frightened. We all went to bed again, and at breakfast-time they tried to get the laf on me, but I got off by sayin that I only wanted to have a bit of sport and was'nt a bit more frightened than the Major—faith! that was true enuff—for he trembled like a two week calf in a frosty mornin.

Yours with a steam,
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

JOHNNY GIMPSON:

OR,

THE POOR YOUNG MAN WHO MARRIED A RICH OLD WOMAN.

Poor Johnny Gimpson was a man
Some twenty-five or more,
When he the Widow Wiggins wed,
Whose age was just four score.

But, ah! 'twas not her age alone
That he had cause to rue;
'Tis true that she was rather old,
But monstrous ugly too.

But ugliness and withering age
Were not her only ails;
For Johnny Gimpson shortly found
That she had monstrous nails.

What made him wed so old a dame,
And one so ugly too,
Was—she had houses, lands, and goods,
And dollars not a few.

The Widow married him because
A liquorish tooth had she.
He hoped she'd shortly die and then
He'd rich as Ceresus be.

But finding out his wicked wish,
She would not die to please him;
And ever as he wished her gone,
She longer lived to tease him.

When seeing she was not disposed
To die in early season,
He went to work full wickedly
To give her early reason.

'Tis true he did not murder her
With pistol, knife or cord;
But then he aimed against her life
Full many a murdering word.

But there he found himself at fault,
For she returned the shot;
And where he only sent it cold,
She sent it hissing hot.

Nor was it words alone she used,
Though words were, sure, enow;
She proved that nails created were
For something more than show.

And Johnny Gimpson's bleeding face
Bore testimony strong,
That though her nails were very sharp,
They yet were very long.

Thus Johnny Gimpson and his wife
Lived on from day to day;
He hoped each day would be her last,
She meant to last for aye.

The neighbors said, and many thought,
That she would never die;
That she had the preserving wilt,
The wilt which they call dry.

But none of all these cunning seers
Could see beyond the door;
She lived to be an hundred years,
A hundred and no more.

Then Johnny Gimpson fastened her
All in a coffin strong,
And in the lid, from end to end,
He fixed the screws along.

And then to bury her secure
And well his safety crown,
To hinder her from scratching out,
He laid her facing down.

The reason Johnny Gimpson gave
Why he had placed her so,
Was—that the more and more she scratched
The deeper she would go.

Full six feet deep he buried her,
And down he trod the mold;
And now, said he, without alloy,
Will I enjoy my gold.

Then Johnny Gimpson hid his home,
And led a merry life;
And in another week he had
Espoused another wife.

But, ah! 'twas on the very night,
When his wife he'd wed,
He saw his old one standing right
Beside his wedding bed.

How she got out was never known,
But it was rumored round,

That she had turned a somerset
All underneath the ground.

As she stood up beside the bed
With fingers icy cold,
She looked as though she'd scratching been
From out the earthy mold.

With horror struck was Gimpson then,
His hair rose up with fright,
And raised his night-cap from his head,
So stiff it stood upright.

Then stretching forth her horrid nails,
She thrust them through his skin,
And swift she bore him to her grave,
And quick she plumped him in.

I am your wife you naughty man,
And here your bed shall be;
Full six feet underneath the ground
You must lie down with me.

This is the bed you made for me,
And sure it is but fair,
That with your wife and with the worm,
You should its comforts share.

Then underneath the closing ground
Both quick and dead were hid;
And there like man and wife they lay
Beneath earth's coverlid—

But not to sleep—for still is heard,
By those who listen there,
Contentions underneath the sod
Between the married pair.

STREETS AND SIDE-WALKS.

The times that try men's souls.

The weather, for the last month or two, has been serene, if not sunny, that wet feet, colds, and head-aches, have become quite common. Our side walks have, at one time, been inundated with mud and water, against which the most insipidous India Rubbers have hardly been proof, and at another blockaded with snow, through which it was necessary to wade in boots as big as an Esquimaux's.

We believe, however, that the side-walks of our principal streets, particularly of Broadway, may, in point of cleanliness and freedom from obstruction, vie with those of any of the sister cities. If we recollect aright, the members of Congress, some years since, were under the necessity of employing persons to extricate them from the quagmires which beset the avenue leading to the capitol; and at the present season, no small inconvenience has been experienced from the snow-banks in the same place.

At Albany, almost the whole year round, the mud, in many streets, is from two to three feet in depth—our pantaloons bear witness to its exact admeasurement—which seems not to excite the particular notice of its inhabitants, who appear, on the contrary, to regard the mud as a sort of their *flora* to their city. The Bostonians boast not a little of the cleanliness of their streets; but then their side-walks are so narrow that one must step into the gutter whenever he passes another. The want of flagging-stones at the intersection of the streets in Boston, renders the crossing of them, in wet weather, an affair of no little mudiness—so that, in this respect, at least, our city is far before the Literary Emporium.

We shall be constrained, we suppose, to gratify the pride of the Philadelphian, by acknowledging the immaculate purity of his city. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when its side-walks are scrubbed every morning as regularly as the faces of the little Quakers themselves? There, too, is the famous aqueduct, which opens its plug-holes every week, to wash out the stains upon the character of its streets. But the city of Brotherly Love will not long take the lead of us. We, too, have a public reservoir constructing, which will afford us the same advantage.—But Broadway will never need this searching operation. The boast of our city, and the favorite resort of our belle—the pride of the State, and the admiration, if not the envy, of strangers—it forms at once the most beautiful and animated promenade in our country. If other cities can point to a street more scrupulously clean—we say they are welcome to enjoy it—provided they do not insist upon the giving up of our own Broadway, to undergo the same pleasure.

THE REPLY PERSONAL.—Sergeant Davy, of brow-beating memory, was originally a druggist at Exeter, but becoming bankrupt, turned his attention to the law, and succeeded. In examining a witness at the Castle, in Exeter, the man being rather more accurate in his recollections of the time when the assault happened than Davy wished, he said to him—"My friend, how is it that you can recollect an affair of this kind, which happened so long ago?"—The witness gave for answer—"That it was exactly the day when Bully Davy shut up shop, and cheated him of 50*l*.; a circumstance he should remember all the days of his life."

MISCELLANY.

From the Amateur.

A TALE OF THE NORTH WEST.

Dim grows my vision, yet I see
Thy glance of hatred fix on me;
Thy foot upon my breast I feel;
And at my heart thy goading steel;
But, while my eye-lids close in night
The future rushes on my sight:
Dark foe, the fate thou makest mine
Is happiness compared to thine.

ANON.

The river St. Peter's about an hundred and sixty miles from its mouth, receives the Terre Bleue, a short but rapid stream which derives its name from a stratum of Blue Clay, imbedded in one of its overhanging cliffs. The last circumstance may seem trivial to our readers, but it was not so considered by the Susseon Indians, who erected a permanent village near the spot about eighty years since, for the express purpose of deriving daily advantage from the said argil. Its virtues were considered by them equal in kind and degree with those which are ascribed by persons who find their account in deliberate lying, to being to Roland's Kalydor, and other notions. (We make this comparison that our friends may compare the follies and credulity of savages and civilized people, those with those.) The Susseon youths thought themselves more secure of making conquests when their faces were smeared with dirt, and so the other band no Susseon Maiden thought her value complete till her face was covered with a double layer of it. In short, it was esteemed a perfect *Fontaine de Jouvence*.

In the Susseon village, about fifty or sixty years since, dwelt a chief called Wawkonto, or the Blue Spirit, who was at that time acknowledged as I presumed over the tribe in wisdom, and valor. He was a fine looking man, with a face that would have been Greek, if Greece had ever produced a visage to compare with it. A slight expression of ferocity was the only drawback on the sun of his lovely beauty. No such objection could be made in his daughter Pipsichah Ze-ze. (The Yellow Grasshopper,) who, at the marriageable age of sixteen, had more suitor than teeth and digits. Her cheeks were not to be compared to roses, nor her eyes to diamonds, nor her figure to a Lombardy poplar; such comparisons would have savored of inflation, which we abhor. We shall merely say, that if the heathen Jupiter had descended in modern times, Hela would not have been referred out of office to make room for Ganymede, but for the blooming Susseon Pipsichah Ze-ze.

Albeit she was a woman, a handsome woman, and sought and sighed for, the Yellow Grasshopper did not believe that the world would be well lost for love. She had a spice of philosophy in her composition, and called to mind whenever a love tale was rehearsed in her ear, that marriage would be to her a change of condition, indeed. She knew, that once mistress of a hunter's lodge, her strait back and square shoulders would become a cushion for heavy burthens, and, perhaps, a mark for frequent blows. Therefore, she hid on the blue clay thicker than ever, and left the young men to sigh their hearts out, if they chose.

At last, a circumstance happened that rendered her free choice a matter of extreme uncertainty. A young man called Sagandoshee, or the Englishman, went through the usual forms of Dahcotah courtship in the hope of obtaining her, by which we mean that he wore leggings of different colors, painted his face an inch thick, sat all day long before her father's lodge playing on a three holed flute, and at night went to her couch and held a lighted match to her eyes. She did not blow it out, in sign of approbation, but left it burning and turned over, and he went out, kicking the dogs right and left.

Of all the men in the tribe he was her abhorrence. To be sure, he was an excellent hunter, and had killed and scalped five Chippeways in fair fight, though yet only twenty five years old, but he had two wives already, whom he had treated brutally, & two boys, was ill-tempered, and of a haughty and imperious temper. Any of these particulars she thought a sufficient objection, and she had yet another, more forcible than all of them collectively.—She liked a young half breed clerk named St. Aubin, who traded with her father's band, and thought that her love was returned.

However, she knew that her hand was not at her own disposal, but at her father's. Still she had little fear, for she was an only child, and her father, for an Indian, was indulgent; nay, tender. Early the next morning when he started with his traps on his back and his gun in his hand, she followed him into the woods.

"Well," said the chief, as panting for breath she overtook him; "Well, Yellow Grasshopper, what has frightened you? Have you seen a Chippeway?"

"No, father, no. I have seen what I fear

more. I have seen the Englishman. He came to me last night with a lighted match." The chief granted dissatisfaction. Such a grunt! The grunt of an angry swine is music in comparison. Such a grunt cannot be committed to paper, nor any one who has not been present at a Sioux council have any idea of it.

"He is a good hunter, my daughter—you will wear scarlet, my daughter—you will never want for meat in his lodge my daughter. He is a brave man too, my daughter."

"I do not like him though for all that, and I will never live in his lodge."

"He has a great many relations and friends, and it will not be safe for me to refuse him. He will perhaps bite my nose off if I do. The match is a good match."

"I will not live in his lodge for all that. He would beat me, as he does his other wives. I do not like him at all."

"I will tell him then, that I have promised you to the Copper Kettle."

"I do not like him neither."

"Well, to the Hoxering Gull, then."

"I will not be his wife neither, nor any other Dahcotah's I do not like any of them, for they will make me work and beat me. Father, I will live with the young Frenchman, with the rosy cheeks. If you don't give me to him I will hang myself."

The parent grunted again, more vehemently than before. He mused a moment and thought that the trader would call his child wife for a year or two and then desert her, according to the practice of traders. On the other hand he reflected that if he thwarted her, the Yellow Grasshopper would probably put her threat of suicide in execution, for he knew that with all her playfulness, she had her full share of the obstinacy of her sex and race. As he cogitated, the ghosts of the many threatened girls he had seen suspended fluted before the mind's eye. He turned on his heel and bade his daughter follow him to his lodge. There he deposited his gun and traps, and then walked slowly to the trading house, still attended by his daughter. They entered the trader's chamber, and he rose from his bed and donned his nether integuments before them, without giving offence to the lady, who did not see any breach of decorum in the case, but merely remarked "that he had a fine leg."

"Mendokachena," (The Coming Summer, the trader's Indian name,) said the Blue Spirit, you are a young man, and want advice. I will give you some. You want a wife and ought to marry."

"I mean to marry," replied the half-breed, "but I find it difficult. No woman will have me."

"Idah! Idah!" cried the Susseon belle.

"Look at him. Any woman will have a handsome man like you, Mendokachena."

"Hearken to me," said the Blue Spirit, "Do you mean to live with us all your life, or do you intend to go back to your French relations?"

"I shall trade with the Dahcotah's all my life. I do not know how to live as the men with hats do."

"And shall you marry more than one wife?" inquired Pipsichah Ze-ze.

"I shall never have but one wife. The Great Spirit has commanded us Frenchmen to have but one wife at a time, and has written it down in a book."

"You must be very wicked people, you men with hats," said the chief. The Great Spirit has told you what to do, and has written it all down in a book, and yet you do not mind him. Some of you have more than one wife. Know it, for I was once at Prairie du Chien and saw it. Nay, you often take the Great Spirit's name in vain."

"You never heard me do so, or knew me to have any wife," expostulated the trader.

"No, I never did, and am willing to give you my daughter."

"Aye, and two horses and a pack of beaver, and fifteen buffalo robes," said the fair Susseon.

The Blue Spirit demurred, saying that it was the custom of Dahcotah parents to receive and not to give presents, on the marriage of their daughters. Such trifling considerations were notwithstanding, he said, beneath the consideration of a great chief like himself, and he would make his daughter's words good. It was decided that the marriage ceremony should take place that very evening, and the chief, after smoking, and tossing down a glass of spirits of wine, departed with his daughter.

Pipsichah Ze-ze then set about her domestic avocations, and her father strolled to the cliffs where the blue earth was gathered. He was busily engaged digging it from between the rocks, when he felt himself slightly touched on the shoulder, and turning, saw the Englishman standing before him.

"Ho father," said the young warrior, throwing down a bundle of scarlet cloth, blankets, &c., "take these, and have them made into clothes. Here—take my gun also."

"My daughter cannot live in your lodge," said the chief, instantly comprehending the nature of the overture. "My daughter cannot be your wife," he added, mildly; at the same time retreating a step or two, and averting his eyes from the scarlet temptation.

"Why not? You will soon be getting old and will need some one to take care of you."

"No matter, the Great Spirit will take care of me. It was not kind, though, Sagandoshee, to remind me that I have no son. I tell you again that you cannot have the Yellow Grasshopper, for she does not like you."

"Well, what does that matter? Who ever heard of asking a girl whether she liked a man or not. This morning, Wawkonto, I thought you a wise man, but now I see that you are no better than a fool."

"You cannot have her, though I am a fool," returned the chief meekly. "You have two wives already, and if my daughter lives in your lodge they will quarrel with her."

"I can settle that easily enough with a slack bow—but what are you talking about? If I have two wives, so have more than half the Dahcotahs. How would the women get husbands else. There are more women than men among us, I suppose. I believe you intend to give her to some trader."

"I have promised her to Mendokachena, and she cannot be your wife."

"E-oo-pee!" cried the Englishman, in scorn. "He is nothing but a boy. I am a man, Wawkonto, and a warrior, and a good hunter, and much fitter to be your son than he. I am a great man."

"It is very true. You are a man, and a good man, and a very great man, as you say. You have told me so. There is no better hunter nor braver warrior than yourself among us. But I have promised my daughter to the trader, and I shall keep my word. So it is useless to say any thing more about it."

The Englishman stood still for a moment, struggling to suppress his vexation. His brow lowered and he grasped his neck with his right hand, in token that he was keeping his heart from rising in his throat and choking him. He then cocked his gun, and springing upon a fallen tree, looked around, as if in search of some being on whom he might vent his anger. No one was in sight, and, coming from his stand, he again confronted the chief, scowling in a manner that might have terrified a less courageous man. The Blue spirit stood his fixed gaze with great composure. "You had better, Sagandoshee," he said, "take up your goods again and go back to your lodge. You know that I am not a man to be frightened. Keep your anger for the Chippeways."

"So you will not give me your daughter, then?"

"No."

"Then I tell you that no other man shall have her. If she goes to live with the trader I will eat his heart, and drink his blood. Mind that—I am in earnest. Whoever takes the Yellow Grasshopper home has not long to live. The Great Spirit hears me."

With these words he departed and going to the village he brought his medicine bag out of his lodge, and laid it down before the door. Putting his hand on it, he made proclamation of his bloody resolution.

St. Aubin did not trade on his own account. He was employed by a Mr. Campbell, who had himself a house at Traverse des Sioux, twenty miles off. When he heard of the Englishman's declaration, he called to mind that his life was his own, at least during the time of his engagement, and that Mr. Campbell had sent him to the Terre Bleue to collect furs; not to quarrel. He was by no means deficient in courage, yet he resolved to give up all thoughts of Pipsichah Ze-ze.

In this resolution he was unable to continue, for the tears and entreaties of the Yellow Grasshopper were not to be resisted. She suggested an expedient by which they might be united without his incurring the vengeance of the Englishman.

About a week from the time of the before-mentioned transactions she entered the trading house late in the evening, accompanied by her father. She had heard St. Aubin declare his dislike of the much admired blue clay, and on this occasion she appeared with her face perfectly clean, thus giving her lover the strongest possible proof of woman's love;—the sacrifice of her supposed finery! We believe that few such instances are on record! The Blue Spirit opened the conversation with an exposition of propriety. He knew, he said, that it was the custom of his tribe to make a feast on such occasions, and to carry the bride by violence to her husband's dwelling. Yet he was of opinion that such vain forms added nothing to the sanctity of matrimonial obligations, and if Mendokachena would promise to cherish and support his daughter, they were at liberty to consider themselves man and wife.

St. Aubin declared his scruples, which were overruled by the young lady. She said that none need know of their union, and that she would remain each and all day in her father's

lodge. Finally she appealed to his manhood, and asked him if he were afraid of one, who, after all, was not so good a man as himself.

This settled the question; St. Aubin consented, and the Blue Spirit, after a world of advice, which, like most advice, was little heeded, and having implored St. Aubin not to beat his wife unreasonably, departed.

In this part of the world such a marriage ceremony would scarcely be considered satisfactory, but to these simple and loving hearts it was as sacred as if a bishop had blessed the union. She knew none more binding, and his knowledge was little more extended than hers. He knew, indeed, that it would not hold in a christian land, but to his honor he said, no form of law could have made the obligation stronger in his estimation.

From that time St. Aubin and the Yellow Grasshopper were as much together as prudence would admit, indeed rather more. If Sagandoshee was gone to the Buffalo hunt, or on a journey the handsome savage passed the time in St. Aubin's house, and only returned to her father's lodge when her *quondam* suitor came back. A great improvement was observed in her costume; the blue clay no longer disfigured her countenance. Her deer skin garments fell off and were replaced with blue and scarlet cloth, and on her bosom appeared three burnished silver ornaments, of the shape and size of pewter plates. When asked how she came by these decorations, as she frequently was by her envious companions, she laughed, and said that the trader had given them to her on account of her beauty. Each of her words was carried to the Englishman, whose temper was by no means improved thereby.

The time wore on, and their union could be no longer concealed, even if the Englishman's humane wives had taken no pains to investigate the matter. Jealousy sharpened their optics, and their husband's suspicions grew every day stronger. At last, receiving a proof he considered convincing, he loaded his gun, and waited for night, to put his threat in execution.

It so happened that another of Mr. Campbell's clerks named Segrain had arrived at Terre Bleue, on business, the day before. The day St. Aubin had gone forth in quest of deer, and at night he had not returned. Sagandoshee knew nothing of this. He painted his face black and proceeded to the trading house. He passed through the trading apartment occupied by the *engages* and entered St. Aubin's chamber. The Yellow Grasshopper sat with her face toward him, on the opposite side of a fire, and with his back to the fire stood Segrain, leaning against the wall. He was about the height of St. Aubin, and was dressed in the same costume, a long, loose blue surtout. The Englishman believed that his victim stood before him, and ere Pipsichah Ze-ze was aware of his purpose, discharged his piece. The bullet struck Segrain on the back of the head, carried the crown clean off, and splattered his brain against the chimney. The unfortunate young man fell forward, his face in the fire.

The Yellow Grasshopper did not faint—Indian women have no nerves—nor scream, but she looked at the Englishman with a rage too big for utterance. He smiled grimly and said, "I threatened—and I have performed. I have kept my word. I am a man, and do not speak with two tongues." With these words he turned and left the house, proclaiming what he had done in a tone which soon roused the inhabitants of the village from their couches. They hastened to the house in such numbers that its three apartments were insufficient to contain them. They raised the unfortunate Segrain, and many were the exclamations of pity for his fate, and of destination for his murdered. However, neither their pity nor indignation hindered the women from stripping him of his wearing apparel.

Pipsichah Ze-ze, as soon as she had recovered her faculties, made up a bundle of clothes and started in quest of her husband. She met him about a mile from the house, returning, with a fat buck on his shoulders. In few words she related what had passed, and urged him to fly.

"I will return," he cried, throwing down his load, "I will return and avenge my comrad."

"If you kill him, you are lost, for his family will kill you. Fly—Fly, for my sake."

"What will become of my store? I must return, and will. He is satisfied now, and not to be feared."

"If you go back now you will not be alive in the morning. In a few days he will, as you say, be satisfied, but when he finds he mistake his rage will increase. Fly—my father will take care of your store."

He offered no farther exposition, but took the direction to Traverse des Sioux. Before they got half way, the weather became so cold that to proceed was to die, and they stopped and encamped.

As the Yellow Grasshopper had predicted when the Englishman found that he had mis-

taken his victim, he declared that he would set forth instantly, and never return till he had despatched him. Discussion was vain: the night was incessantly cold, but the hellish passions that burned in his breast prevented him from feeling it. He soon found the spot where the fugitives had met, and taking their track, he reached their fire in less than an hour.

He approached them cautiously and silently in the darkness. Apprehensive of no pursuit in such weather, they had built a large fire, which showed their enemy their very eyeballs. The Yellow Grass-hopper sat by the blaze, holding her husband's head in her lap. The Englishman was a good marksman and did not hesitate to fire. The ball passed through the lungs of St. Aubin. This time his wife faints.

The Englishman rushed forward, knelt on the half-breed's bosom, and drew his knife to take the scalp. Just as he was about to apply the edge, the dying man threw him off with a mighty effort, gained his feet, and addressed his destroyer.

"You have slain me, Sagandoshie," he said, "and I have no friends to punish you for it; but God will avenge me. I can look forward now and see things which you cannot see, and hear things which you cannot hear. Look at me, I say, and tell if I look like one who is entering a falsehood. You shall live—in such misery that death would be better, yet shall you gain extreme old age without a moment's release from pain. The Chippeway shall spit on you—your eldest son shall perish miserably—your youngest shall die like a dog—and your grey hairs shall receive no honor."

The speaker dropped—a dead man. While he spoke his eyes glowed with unearthly fire, and his voice, tremulous with passion, might have been heard above the roar of the cannon. Sagandoshie stood appalled, believing that a dead man indeed, was speaking to him, yet without the power to stir an inch. When St. Aubin fell, he turned and regained the village with the same speed at which he had left it. When he arrived, he caused three deer, which he had that day killed, to be cut up and thrown into a kettle. As soon as the meat was ready, he went through the village inviting the members of the Indian order of Freemasonry to a solemn feast. When they were convoked in his lodge, the holes were all stopped, and his voice was heard in earnest prayer till day-break.

The next morning, Pspicehah Ze-ze was found lying on the cold bosom of her husband—frozen to death. The tears yet stood congealed on her eyelids. When the fatal shot was fired a large fire was burning. A few dead embers were all that now remained. It appeared that she had been too much absorbed in sorrow to replenish it, though there was a large pile of fuel within a few paces.

Sagandoshie pined for several weeks, under the influence of the evil eye, but at last, in the spring, hit upon a penance which relieved him from his torments. He planted a pole forty feet high, in the ground, with a tuft of swan-down, on the top, and two leathern things depending from it. He bored two holes through the muscular parts of his shoulders and inserted the said things therein. Then, bearing half his weight upon them, he danced around the pole, from morning till night—gazing intently on the burning sun all the while! How his eyesight remained is a mystery to all who saw and heard.

This penance performed, his heart grew light, and his health was soon re-established. Yet his rage was not yet satisfied, and he resolved to sacrifice Mr. Campbell, the principal of the two murdered clerks. To this end he repaired to Traverse des Sioux.

Mr. Campbell was, luckily, apprised of his intention, and when, at night, the Englishman repaired to the door of his trading house, armed, he found it closed against him, and was warned to depart at the peril of his life. Nothing daunted by this, Sagandoshie plied the door with repeated blows, and finding it too strong for him, fired a bullet through it. He then resolved to effect an entrance by the chimney.

Scarcely had he mounted the roof of the house, when Mr. Campbell sallied from the door, and taking a quick aim, fractured his upper jaw with a rifle ball. He fell, howling with pain, and the trader, having exhausted his vocabulary of reproach and two bundles of rods on him, threw him into a canoe and set him adrift. He was picked up, some miles below, the next morning, by a party of his tribe. They found him glued to the bottom of the canoe by the blood that had flowed from his wound. They bore him to their lodge, where for more than a year; he lay unable to eat any thing solid, or to follow the chase, as he had been wont.

None of his friends or relations espoused his quarrel, or molested Mr. Campbell for what he had done, for his ferocity exceeded even their notions of propriety, and he was generally disliked. The wound in his jaw never entirely healed, but ever tormented him with

an agony no way less than that of an inveterate *tic douloureux*. From the moment he received the shot, he was never free from pain an instant.

How his two sons perished, and how the other parts of St. Aubin were accomplished, may, perhaps, appear in some future number of the *Amateur*. At present we believe that so much of his fortunes as we have related constitute a distinct and separate tale, from which the incredulity of the reader cannot take away its matter of fact character.

From the Diary of a Physician.

THE SPECTRAL DOG—AN ILLUSION.

The age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says the worthy Dr. Hibbert; and so, after him, says almost every body now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy, and in irritable, nervous temperament; and the report of a real *bona fide* ghost or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts on record. One, or possibly two of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged optical delusion; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences in the sphere of their own observation.

Mr. D— was a clergyman of the church of England, educated at Oxford,—"a ripe and good one,"—a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister, preached twice, willingly, every Sunday; and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was in such a character as Mr. D—.

He had been officiating on Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles distance from London, and was walking homewards, enjoying the tranquility of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of grating and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round on both sides, but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked around, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces further, when he again heard precisely similar sounds; but with a running accompaniment—if I may be allowed a pun—of the pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. D— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; "why, really, that's very odd—very! Surely, I could not have been mistaken again!" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, and with a little trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits.

The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr. D— passed over "erectis auribus," and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when in a few moments the noise was repeated, apparently from his right hand side, and he gave something like a start from the path side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past—as he described it—by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog—of a blue color!

He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him: he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, (to which he himself compared it) and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The color, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, his eyes; like dim decaying fire coals, as it looked up composedly in his face. He poked about his walking stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued, indivisible—impalpable—in short, as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction, from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D— hurried

on a few steps, and again looked—there was the dog! Now, the reader must be informed that Mr. D— was a remarkably temperate man, and had that evening contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bedside of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perception to have been disturbed with liquor.

"What can it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison—"Oh, it must be an optical delusion—oh, 'tis clearly so!—nothing in the world worse! that's all. How odd!"—and he smiled, he thought very unconcernedly; but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness, instantly darkened his features with a hue of apprehension. If it really was an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of. "The better part of valor is discretion," says Shakspeare; and in all things—so, observing a stage passing by at that moment, Mr. D—, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for one inside, and in stepped Mr. D—, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk to the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grizzled-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top boots seriously incumbered him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes riding, he suddenly opened his eyes; and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some unaccountable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

"I—I hope the dog does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr. D—, a little fluttered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him. "A dog, sir, did you say?" inquired several in a breath.

"Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D—, with a faint smile; "I—I thought—in short, I find I've been dreaming; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you."

Every one in the coach laughed, except Mr. D—, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from the dim optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavored to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the philosophy of the thing. He could make nothing out, however, and the Q. E. D. of his thoughts startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of a large blue dog, leaping out of the coach when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bed room candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He felt its pressure. He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity. Mrs. D— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little.

He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D— opened the windows, (he did not exactly know why,) and mounted the dressing table for that purpose.

On looking down, before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D—, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed, plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropt at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the day light. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs. D—, and made very merry with her fears; for she would have it, "it was something supernatural," and, good lady, "Mr. D— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand!" Four times subsequently to this did Mr. D— see the spectral visitant—in no wise altered, either in its manner, form or color. It was always late in the evening when he observed it, and generally when alone. He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement, of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So indeed was I; for he came to consult me about it.

He was with me once during the presence

of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain: his stomach had been latterly a little bit out of order, and every body knows the intimate connexion between its functions and the nervous system. But why should he see spectra? why they should assume and retain so uncommon a color, too; and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same, at the various intervals after which it made its appearance; and why he should hear, or imagine he heard, it utter sounds; all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity will enable him. I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr. D— displayed.

The Book of Entries.—The following occurrence which took place some months since in Philadelphia, came under our individual notice. Two Irishmen, fresh from the land of shillelah and shamrock, had a dispute; one of them having sued the other before a magistrate in the city for a balance of debt. Each party produced his bill, and each party brought the other in debt to him.

Magistrate.—My friends, it is as yet impossible to decide for either of you. Here are only your two bills, without a particle of evidence to support them.

Plaintiff.—But I'll shware to my bill, your honor—I'll shware to it—I'll fix the spalpeen!

Magr.—Yes, but you cannot swear to this mere bill—if you had any book of original entry, and could swear to it, it would make some difference.

Plaintiff.—If your honor will wait a bit, I'll run and fetch it.

Magr.—Where do you live?

Pltf.—By the water works, your honor.

Magr.—Then let the case stand adjourned until 4 o'clock this afternoon, when you must both appear for a decision.

Accordingly, at 4 P.M. down came the defendant with his friends, for each had mustered his forces, and down came also the plaintiff and his partisans, and the plaintiff with his front door on his back! swaggering into the office with an air of confidence, he set it down with a bang on the floor, and spoke—

Pltf.—There, your honor, isn't that an original book of entries?

Magr.—Yes, and it beats all the original books of entry that I ever heard of before. But will you be qualified to it?

Pltf.—That I will, sir. (He was sworn.)

Magr.—Now explain it, for I cannot read it now you have it here.

Pltf.—Why, you see, your honor, isn't there the straight strokes where I charged him. Isn't that original now?

Magr.—Well, and the other marks?

Pltf.—What! the round O's? Sure isn't that the round dollars I gave him credit for every time he paid me? An' if your honor will just count, you'll find how many more straight strokes is there, than there is round O's, and that is just the balance he owes me—isn't that original now?

The defendant having nothing to show, judgment was entered against him as it appeared in the book. But nothing could exceed the mirth of the crowd, for the office was by this time full, when the plaintiff, having received his money, marched off in triumph, with his original book of entries on his back. Phil. Paper.

Wood. This article sold in our market on Monday and Tuesday at the rate of ten and twelve dollars a cord, and charcoal at fifty cents a bushel. Yesterday it was sold at eight dollars, and as the travelling improves, it will resume the old prices. "How much for that load of wood; inquired one of our citizens yesterday." "I guess about eight dollars," was the reply; "too much—too much." "Guess you'd better take it, you won't get any less." "No,"—"You'll have to burn up your cheeks." "No I won't—I'll burn up my old houses first." "Well, you'll have to burn up your cheeks arter that." This made our citizen shudder so, that he concluded to take the wood at eight dollars. Another having sold a lot of wood for three dollars, was inquiring where he should dump it down?—"No matter," replied the purchaser, "I'll take it under my arm!" Prov. Phoenix.

ABBREVIATIONS AND INITIALS.

A B—Apt to Blunder.
A M—Apt to Mistake.
L. L. D.—Licensed to Lie Down neatly.
M D—Maker of Dead men.
M P—Madness of the People.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 5, 1831.

WHISPERING MEETINGS.

Whatever may be thought by some of the divine nature of those religious excitements called "revivals," it cannot be denied that there is usually much of human folly and extravagance mingled with them. Among other instances, may be mentioned the assumption of whispering meetings. A practice, which is punished at school, and never tolerated in decent company, is here introduced grossly as a means of religious improvement.

Whispering meetings, if wisely and rightly informed, always take place in the evening, and with so little light in the room as not greatly to expose the countenance which is overwhelmed with shame on account of former or present transgressions; and, indeed, so as not to render strikingly visible any little incident which may then and there take place—such, for instance, as a young minister advancing his lips nearer than is absolutely necessary to those of some pretty, sorrowing sinner among the softer sex—or exposing the hand more ardently than becomes a spiritual brother.

It was at one of these meetings in a country town some little while ago, that there happened to be present one of the substantial pillars of the church, in the shape of a sensible and honest old deacon, who did not believe much in the tactics of a modern revival. It was proposed that these sinners, who began to be in trouble, should retire to a room by themselves, where they might have consolation whilst perched in their ears, without the danger of molestation.

The saints, of course, not needing this consolation, were not expected to be present, except one or two to act as whisperers to those who were in affliction. But the solid old deacon alone mentioned, contrived to slip in unnoticed, and take his seat among the rest. The whispering began, and among the first accosted, happened to be the deacon, who, in the dark, was mistaken for some better specimen of sorrowing sinner.

"Why don't you speak out?" said he, in a loud voice, "if you have any thing to say?"

"Hush! hush! for heaven's sake!" returned the minister. "You'll drive away the holy spirit."

"Drive away the devil, more likely," replied the blunt old deacon, beginning to be indignant—"What's the use of all this shallow whispering?"

"Why," said the smooth-faced limb of theology, "this is a whispering meeting, and all those who attend here are expected to whisper."

"They are, heh! young man," said the deacon, raising his voice the louder, the more he was required to soften it: "then I'm not the sort for you; I've no opinion of whispering, and never had since I got fagged at school for it. I've never been guilty of whispering since that time—not even when I was cowering. And my opinion is, that if you are not ashamed of what you are saying, you may as well speak loud. And furthermore, I advise you to light up the room, for if you are not ashamed of what you are doing, you will not prefer darkness rather than light."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the minister, "dost come in here to disturb our meeting?"

"My name is Sandfast."

"Sandfast! Deacon Sandfast!"

"The same—and you shall find I am determined to stand fast against all such ridiculous and disgraceful carryings on. Pure religion is open and above board, and has no occasion whatever for the aid of darkness, nor the agency of those unchristian and indecent beings denominated whisperers."

BEARDS AND WIGS.

It was formerly the custom for men to wear that hair on their chins, with which nature had provided them in common with the goat. But as the influence of women began to increase, they banished this seemingly unnecessary appendage to the human face; when being divested of the hair on their chins, the men, to make amends, mounted an extra quantity on their heads in the form of a wig. This also they have been obliged to surrender to the same influence. The following is from an historical work, written in the latter half of the last century.

"As the ladies began to have more influence, beards were mutilated down to mustaches, though the learned exclaimed against the horrid innovation, as discovering a taste which tended more to gratify the women, than to keep up the dignity of the masculine countenance; and though the church considered the mutilation as little short of apostasy, because Moses and Jesus were always painted with long beards. As the gentlemen found the ladies had no great relish for mustaches, which were the relics of a beard, they cut and curled them into various fashions, to render them more agreeable; and at last finding such labor in vain, gave them up altogether. But as those of the three learned professions, were supposed to be endowed with, or, at least to stand in need, of more wisdom than other people, and as the longest beard had always been deemed to sprout from the wisest chin, to supply this mark of distinction, which they had lost, they contrived to smother up their heads in enormous quantities of grizzled hair, that they might bear the greater

resemblance to an owl, the bird sacred to wisdom and Minerva. Such professional wigs, however, were long an object of the ridicule of wits, and the dislike of the women, who to the honor of their taste and influence, have in the present age, banished by far the greater part of them."

CATHOLIC CLERGY. Dr. Beecher's unprovoked attack on the Roman Catholics, is likely to meet with a sturdy resistance, from one, who from the specimen already given, appears to be no contemptible antagonist, and who will not hesitate at carrying the war into his enemy's country. This is Dr. O'Flaherty, of Boston, who has commenced a course of lectures in answer to Dr. Beecher. The following eloquent and beautiful passage, in which there is probably much truth, is taken from his first lecture. Alluding to the personal sacrifices of the Catholic minister, he said:

"Behold him when Nature is shrouded in darkness, when the Heaven thunders and the torrent roars; nothing can damp the ardor of his zeal. The midnight hour summons him to the pestilential abodes of the dying. He flies on the wings of religion, he hovers over the death-smitten victim, hears the quivering accents of penitent mortality. Such is the case of our Clergy throughout the Catholic Universe; such is the case in this country; and our large and populous cities prove the fact. When yellow fever, or malignant typhus, scatters death among the ranks of men, you will then find the poor Catholic Priest to be the real Philanthropist, the good Samaritan, the true Shepherd; it is then you can see him smoothing the pillow of mortal agony, and unfolding a luminous eternity to the departing soul. Where then are the Calvinist ministers? Around the social fire-side with their dear wives and prattling babes. They cowardly shrink from the pestilential foe; they think how they may please their wives, and will not of course incur their displeasure, or the danger of bringing the infection home. TRUE it is, that the good shepherd is ready to lay down his life for his flock, while the hireling flees at the approach of danger."

LEGALIZING THE STUDY OF ANATOMY. A bill is before the Massachusetts Legislature, to prevent the violation of the grave, by furnishing a legal supply of subjects for dissection. By this bill the Overseers of the Poor, are to surrender for dissection the dead bodies of all such persons as die under their care, if such bodies are not claimed within twenty-four hours, by some relative or acquaintance of the deceased. We hope the bill will pass, and that the example will speedily be imitated by other States. It is unworthy of a people having any pretensions to the attributes of reason and common sense, to exact of the members of any profession the exercise of skill, while at the same time they sedulously deprive them of the means of acquiring it. It is precisely the conduct of the Egyptians to the poor Israelites, when they required them to make bricks, without the materials absolutely necessary for that purpose.

CHARACTER OF FRENCH WOMEN. The following character, in few words, of a French woman, is extracted from Alexander's history of Women, a valuable work published something more than half a century ago. What changes the character of French females may have undergone in the process of fifty years, or how far it may have been modified by the political changes which have taken place during that period, we are not able to say. But probably, a portrait of the French women, drawn at the above mentioned period, will answer with very little variation, for their daughters. "While a French Woman," says the author, "is able to drink at the stream of pleasure, she is generally an atheist; as her taste for that diminishes, she becomes gradually religious; and when she has lost it altogether, is the most bigoted devotee."

CURING DYSPESIA. It is well known how much noise Mr. Halstead has made on the subject of curing dyspepsia, but it is not generally known how the cure is performed. It is, as we learn from the Journal of Health, by shaking the stomach, "as we would a hominy bag, by tossing it up with the edge of the palm of one hand, while its mouth is held with the other hand."

SCHOOLS FOR THE HEAD AND HEART. "The man," says an old author, "may improve their heads in the company of their own sex, we may affirm, that the company and conversation of women is the proper school for the heart."

PORTABLE GAS. A gallon of this gas (which is now manufactured in this city) will give as much light as two pounds of wax candles—or four of our common tallow luminaries which require snuffing every other minute to give light enough to see them burn.

REVOLUTION IN POLAND. On the evening of the 29th November, an insurrection was commenced at Warsaw, in the Military Academy of Engineers, the immediate cause of which was the sentencing to death of twelve students of the Institution, for having sung the Marsellois hymn. The insurgents first seized upon the arsenal, which contained a large quantity of arms and ammunition. With these they furnished the people, who, after a night of hard fighting, in the morning were masters of the city. The Grand Duke Constantine, the Viceroy of Poland, had fled. A Provisional Government was immediately instituted, and the citizens had returned to their ordinary occupations. Prince Adam Czartorisky was at the head of affairs, and it was expected would be called to the throne. The Poles were making active preparations to maintain their independence; and the French had determined to aid them, should there be any interference on the part of Austria or Prussia.

A NEW PERIODICAL. It is proposed by Alex. Wilson Campbell, of Philadelphia, to publish a semi-annual work, to be entitled the *American Literary and Scientific Patron*; to be printed on a super royal sheet, and each number to contain 680 octavo pages. Of these, 510 are to be PROSE, printed on Long Primer type; and 170 pages of POETRY, printed on Brevier type. For the encouragement of writers to this periodical, \$2 will be given for each printed page of prose, and 4 cents per line for poetry—except the number of subscribers to the work should exceed 1000, in which case the compensation is to be increased, so that if there should be 10,000 subscribers the pay per line for poetry will be 26 cents, and per page for prose, \$13. As a further inducement to writers, every one who shall have furnished one thousand dollars worth of acceptable articles, is to be honored with a PORTRAIT engraved on steel.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT. This great man, whose death is noticed in another article, well deserves the name of constant. For such has been his consistency, that in all the changes which have taken place in France for the last thirty years, and in which he has more or less taken an active part, not the least shade has been cast over his fair fame. "His whole life," says one of the French papers, "has been a perpetual struggle against aristocracy and all the oppressive powers; as public writer, Tribune, Deputy, he has waged war thirty years against despotism in all its shapes, and to him, more than any other, belongs the credit of extinguishing it. He has died, shrouded by his own glory."

BACKING OUT. The anti-Sunday-mail petitioners, as we perceive by a notice in the National Intelligencer, have determined to give up their efforts for the interruption of daily intelligence. In the first place they are determined to give them up, because they avail nothing; and in the second place, they are apprehensive that should they so far succeed as to procure the passage of an act, it would be no easy matter to execute it, in the very face of public opinion. For which very weighty, and we should think, sufficient reasons, they have prudently resolved to proceed no further in the business.

ORIGIN OF CHIT-CHAT. The Jewish Doctors have a fable concerning the etymology of the name of our common mother. "Eve," say they, "comes from a word which signifies to talk, and she was so called, because soon after the creation, there fell from Heaven twelve baskets full of chit-chat, and she picked up nine of them while her husband was gathering the other three."

A PERSIAN HUSBAND IN PARADISE. The Persians, who are remarkable for guarding their women with the most watchful jealousy, believe, that in Paradise the men have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, that they may not see the wives of their neighbors. But the blessed husbands must be in a very awkward predicament, for they can no more see their own wives than those of other people.

DEATH OF CONSTANT.—Benjamin Constant, the veteran Patriot and friend of Liberty, died at Paris on the 8th of December, in the 66th year of his age. Upwards of 200,000 persons are said to have followed him to the grave. He was buried in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. General Lafayette addressed the persons assembled on the occasion, and in a firm, sincere and energetic oration, paid the last tribute to his illustrious friend, Eusebe Salverte, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, came forward to the brink of the grave and paid a warm and eloquent tribute to the talents, patriotism, and consistency of his late colleague. Several others also spoke warmly and

feelingly on the occasion. A crown of laurel, surmounted with black crape, was suspended over the seat he lately occupied in the Chamber of Deputies.

ARMS AND WAISTS. The Little Gentleman, published now and then, at New-Haven, tells a story of a gentleman who mistook a lady's arm for her waist, and in dancing a waltz, seized the former instead of the latter. But he got well punished for so gross a blunder, for the lady from that day forth never forgave him for supposing her waist could possibly be as large as her arm!

DEATH OF THE POPE. Pope Pius VIII. died in November. He was raised to the Tiara in 1829, and was a man of mild manners and unassuming good sense.

DEATH OF NULLIFICATION. The attempt, in the U. S. House of Representatives, to legalize nullification, by repealing the twenty-fifth section of the Judiciary act, has been overthrown by a vote of 137 to 51. Mr. Cambreling, of this city, had the honor of recording his vote on the side of the nullifiers.

MUSICAL CARICATURE. This is the title of a new periodical, published by Mr. George W. Bleeker, the first number of which is before us. It consists of a collection of popular songs, accompanied with the music, arranged for the voice, flute and violin. It is printed in beautiful style, and the form is exceedingly convenient for preservation and for binding. It is to be published monthly, at two dollars per annum, in advance.

TOO POOR TO WORK.—A few days since, among the applicants to the committee for the relief of the poor in the sixth ward of this city, was a stout black fellow, who wished for assistance on the score of poverty. The gentleman, whose business it was to superintend the distribution of alms, thinking, no doubt, a fellow with so lusty a pair of arms, was well able to earn his victuals, told him he must first go to work at levelling the snow in the streets, and that then he should receive his reward.

"Me work!" exclaimed the negro, with a diabolical twinkle of his head. "Me shovel snow! no, faith—I nint worked for seven years, and 'tis too late to begin now!"

So saying, this sable anti-workingman made his obsequious, leaving his share of the public soup to be doled out to some more deserving object.

For the Constellation.

[The following considered merely as a puff, is somewhat too prolix. But in consideration of the humor, the graphic description, the excellent moral sentiments it contains—and above all, of the glorious epitaph with which we are honored—we cannot forbear its insertion.]

Ed.

THE WAX MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

Where are you this bitter weather? Are you up town, or down town; toasting your shins, or sleigh-riding; or are you writing an essay on the ten thousand marvellous cases of SEA-SICKNESS among the sleigh-going gentry, occasioned by their being tossed sky-high and down again, over the snow-cup'd billows of Broadway? Now, it may be that you are buried alive under one of these white mountains! A rather cool idea to be sure, to think of a poor Editor being coiled up and stowed away, like a snake in winter quarters, under an everlasting pyramid of snow! Only think of it; and then fancy a Printer's devil busy with his 56 line Pica impressing on the frost-glittering Tablet above this modest Epitaph:

Lie calm and still, thou best of Editors!

From Winter's blasts, and hurricanes secure

Secure from storms and growing creditors

And bitter wailings of the "HUNGRY POOR."

Rest cool and quiet in thy safe retreat,

So lulled now from all their STREET INSPEC-

TION;—

And when the suns of April kiss thy feet,

Up!—'tis the signal of thy Resurrection!—

Despair not; I have seen Editors in a far worse condition than going to bed in a snow-bank. You are perhaps beginning to wonder what all this rigmarole has to do with the Wax Museum. Well just be cool and keep your temper, and I will tell you all about it. Now, Sir, there are more people who love sleigh-riding, than there are of those who have a taste for the fine arts, or that cherish a disposition to encourage and patronize them.—Good old Shepherd Kollock (the Editor and Proprietor of the NEW JERSEY JOURNAL the best part of the last half century) used to say to his tardy subscribers "I helped you; now you help me."—And what did he help them to? Why he helped them to every kind of knowledge.—He helped them to all the important news of the day, and told them of what was going on throughout the different parts of the world; thus he was constantly

storing their minds with the most useful information. He advertised the business of the mechanic, the goods of the merchant; the trade of the manufacturer, and the grain of the farmer. He published their Administrations or their Ventures, their Marriage festivals and their Courts and County meetings. Here then was a world of help to them, through the active exertions of that venerable old man. But all this help could not well be afforded for a song. It had cost him much toil, anxiety, and many sleepless nights; besides the types, the press, the paper, and the Saturday-night bills of the workmen. Verily he had high claims for help from those who had enjoyed the benefit of his weekly tidings. Will it still be asked what there is in all this that bears connexion with the Museum at Howard House? They that ask it are dumb! They are not worthy an Epitaph.

I have stated very clearly in what way the good man had rendered his subscribers a world of help; and now, I should deem it cruel, to drag the reader through the mazes of technical nomenclature to inform him that the Proprietor of the Howard Museum has expended a good many thousand dollars, in preparing and getting up three splendid galleries of Wax Figures. And what for? I shall tell you what for. It is done in order that the good citizens of New-York may receive a high treat in visiting the Exhibition; that they may taste there of the joys and delights afforded them in beholding the works and wonders of wax! And who would not spend a couple of shillings where the eye may be charmed in surveying, and the mind improved by contemplating a world—a new creation, as it were, of beautiful and interesting objects? It is certainly the least we can do by way of patronage, to visit the exhibitions of the fine arts; especially such as partake of great interest and merit.

The arts, as well as the sciences, help to refine and elevate the human Mind. They not only contribute to pleasure, but they elicit and inspire knowledge; and while they delight the eye they often improve the heart. There are many things in the collection at the Howard House deserving our highest praise; and the whole has been got up at a very heavy expense. Surely then the enterprising Proprietor of this Museum is entitled to draw largely upon the active liberality of our citizens. He can say to them, and honorably too, in the language of the venerable Printer, "I helped you now you help me." He has prepared for them a feast of good things, and it only remains for them to come and partake of its enjoyments.—Reader! what do you say? Will you brush yourself up, put on a clean neckcloth, take your lady under your arm, and go up to this entertainment to-morrow evening? Or would you rather go a railing and surging up Broadway, and so on to Cato's to an entertainment of whiskey punch and seegar puffing;—yet fashionably buzzy, surge back again at 12 o'clock, more of the brute than the poor animal whose strength was made subservient to your sensuality, and whose stirring hands testify to the perpetrations of your cruelty?

I have seen forty winters, and have many times tasted of the pleasures (or rather pains) of sleigh-riding; and yet, put them altogether, they have not afforded me half the satisfaction and enjoyment that I derived from one evening's visit to the Howard Museum. Some little foretaste of these enjoyments cannot be unacceptable, indeed it is due, to those who have preserved their patience to follow me through the argument. And here it is.

Opening on our left as we enter the first Gallery, we see a beautiful Power of Love and Spring, while the bright vision of Jacob, with the angels ascending, bursts in splendor upon the right. On beholding the young patriarch as he lies reposing his head upon the pillow of moss-crofted stones, the mind of the spectator is not content to rest upon the visible picture before him; but it is carried back over the lapse of thirty six centuries—to a period of great and terrible events; and now the retrospect of all the grand and varied scenery on the plains of Mesopotamia and the bordering regions spreads out vividly to his view, his wonder and contemplation. Do we turn again to the "Bower of Love." Here we are enraptured with the blooming scenery of a most delightful grove. Here beauty and fashion are seen promingling under the green and shady trees, where flowers of ten thousand hues blush in all the glowing richness of luxuriant spring. The green verdure too, of the earth is decked with the profusion of violets, tulips, and the modest lilies of the valley; while the rose and the honey suckle are seen twining amid the clustering foliage that bends its grateful shade over the two lovers, a most interesting group, with little cupid discharging his arrow, indicative of the transit of love from heart to heart, as pass away the sweet hours; for here "l'amour

fait passer le tems." But we must leave this Elysium, and pass our attention awhile upon more sober subjects. We are before the tent of Jael, where, with curling blood, we stand to witness the awful fulfillment of the prediction of the prophetess Deborah, who dwelt under the palm tree at Mount Ephraim. And here we feel almost ready to curse the hand that is raised to give the deadly and finishing stroke to the terrible day of slaughter; while we look with honor on the woman who could give her tent a refuge to the fallen and already vanquished Sisera; who could affect the kindness to moisten his parched lips with milk; affording nourishment to his famishing heart, and rest to his weary head, only that she might destroy his life by driving a spike-nail through his brains into the earth! Surely we are compelled to pronounce this lady a heroine, (might we not say a murderess?) of cool blood.—With this sentence we leave her, that we may offer our tribute of compassion to the subject of the next scene. This is Hagar in the wilderness, a personage whom we deem much more worthy our regard than Mrs. Heber. Poor Hagar is seen lying some distance from her son Ishmael, in a drooping posture with a heart bowed down in sorrow and affliction, and bewailing her forlorn condition. The boy evinces no appearance of suffering; but, unconscious even of his mother's woes, he lies under some clustering bushes, partly reclining upon his back, and playing with the skirts of his mantle. The acuteness and penetration of his eye, together with the unique position of his arms, are strikingly characteristic; and were the mantle, which he holds, a bow, we should suppose him to be shooting at the butterflies that are fluttering among the flowers above his head. Although we are told that he is the son of a plain old farmer, yet he evidently appears more the child of Apollo; besides, we read that he became a mighty archer in the Wilderness of Paran.

On parting from the lad and his mother, without being able to alleviate their sufferings, (so fixed is Fate!) we were conducted through some winter scenery; but as we had tasted and felt the bitter reality of these, ere we left home, we passed along until we were suddenly surprised and delighted by the opening to our view of a magnificent summer bower, overhung with the richest fruits, and flowers of indescribable beauty. Beneath the green-spreading boughs of this seeming paradise, we saw men, women and children seated around in friendly groups. We now drew near, and were soon introduced to a wealthy Chinese Mandarin and his family, consisting of his lady and a goodly number of the rising generation, with their great-grand-father in the midst, who, by the way, is a merry, laughing old soul. He has enough of the whimsical and ludicrous about his person to put one's risible organs in titillation for a while wick. An unmerciful long white beard hangs dangling about his bosom, for the purpose, as we supposed, of brushing away the flies; and his finger nails do not exceed three inches in length; indeed, the finger nails of the whole family, children and all, are of such surprising length and talon-shape, as would, we think, strike terror to, and dampen the courage of the most ferocious tiger. They all, nevertheless, appear to be happy, as they are feasting on the ripe and delicious fruits of the season, and enjoying the fragrance of their balmy grove and the sweet summer breeze. We were obliged to leave them, without partaking of any of their dainties, excepting the delight afforded us in gazing at their beautiful grove, and surveying the person and costume of old grand-daddy, who all the while kept laughing us right in the face; but we made a low bow to his Beardship, and withdrew to the second gallery. On entering this gallery, we were astonished to find ourselves immediately in the presence of an august assembly; and here, again, our gaiety and merriment were changed suddenly to thoughts more grave and serious. We had entered of the trial and unjust sentence against Jesus of Nazareth, whose moral character, and life of good works, will be the most perfect pattern for the rule and guide of man through all future ages, and whose mild and benevolent precepts of religion will forever rise in bright contradistinction to the religion of such men as are now impugning our National Government for a religious law to coerce all others into obedience to their narrow views of piety. But to continue our subject.—Often had we wept over the page that recorded the unparalleled cruelty of the Jews, unto him who came to publish peace and good-will to all mankind; but now we beheld, as it were, the afflicting scene in all its solemn reality before us. In a spacious hall, we see a large assemblage of persons; among whom we recognize Pilate the Governor, the Chief Priests and Scribes, together with the officers and soldiers. In the midst is an opening, where, immediately before Pilate, sits

the meek and lowly Jesus, with bowed head, awaiting the dreadful sentence!—humble, calm, and resigned—without guile, and without sin! Not a feature that seemeth discomposed; but a mild and sweet serenity rests on his meekly face, alike holy and pure as the divine breath of heaven! Seest thou that crown—that wreath of thorns? Look! how they pierce his blessed head! Aye, what heart is there that will not feel—that will not melt, to behold the blood trickling down a face so beautiful, so innocent, and so heavenly! But we must leave this affecting scene. Now, we are invited to a feast, in another part of the room! How ill-suited this to the tone of our mind and feelings! Yet we will go and look at the guests, and examine the quality of the fare. It is the birth-day of King Herod. Ah! there they are, already seated at table. What a magnificent hall! See the embossed works, the golden brocade, and the garlands and festoons of blooming flowers; the luxuriant hangings of crimson silk and velvet, and golden-flowered tapestry. And the table! how splendid! how delightfully it is decorated! See that young damsel skipping and gliding over the golden floor! Who is she? Ah! that is the daughter of Herodias. How beautiful she appears! her figure, how angelic, as she now bounds and waits so gracefully under those floating robes of web-wrought gold! and those soft auburn ringlets, how playfully they toss and wave about that neck and bosom of Parian white, softly infused with the virgin life-tints of the rose! Then, those features! those eyes and those lips; and the witchery of those looks and smiles! Dure we mention those Venus feet and ankles! Mark now her steps! her bending air, and varied evolutions: now gliding, now turning, and now gracefully reclining upon her own beautiful form! But see! what personage is that arising from his seat and advancing towards her! It is King Herod; he is captivated! No! Indeed it is so; his heart and kingdom are given to the Madame Hatin! True. See, he takes her hand! Now, what does he say to her? That he will grant to her whatever she may request. Never! Yes; but mind! her mother will take charge of that; her wrath is now to be avenged; and that upon innocent blood! They are now at feasting again, and are regaling themselves with delicious fruits and soul-cheering wines. But look! what is that the servant is presenting to the young damsel? Ah, that is it! It is the boon—the price of a gay step, the fairy form, and the Cleopatra smiles—the head of John the Baptist upon a charger! Alas! how strikingly does the representation exhibit the extravagant prodigality of ancient monarchs, their cruel barbarity, and the utter recklessness of their hearts, when influenced by lust and undue passion. We now come to a very delicate group. It is the Sleeping Beauty with her six little Ladies. We were not positively assured that the young brood were the actual contemporary brothers and sisters of the self same birth-giving day! and as the oblique looks and cautious smiles of our fair spectators forbid the intrusion of any questions upon such tender subjects, we were obliged to be contented with the amusement the little Tommy-Thumb reguen afforded us with their diamond eyes, their floweret cheeks, and their playful looks and actions, as they kick a dainty foot, and rolled their little selves upon the snow-white counterpane, under which their beautiful mother so sweetly reposed.

Our next is a scene intended to be a representation of the massacre of innocents in Judea; and which, we are sorry to say, is a complete failure. It gives us little or no idea of the subject; and what renders the piece conspicuously incongruous, that King Herod is made to be the sole executer in the fulfilment of his own device. This circumstance throws a ludicrous and puerile aspect over the whole scene. The subject is one of deep and solemn import; and we would here recommend a further and more attentive study of it to the artist who composed the group, and at the same time we would suggest the propriety of his re-modelling the piece, that he may correct the faults, and have the satisfaction of producing, to the better approbation of the public, a more impressive and faithful representation.

The Nativity is the last piece in the collection in this Gallery. The announcement of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, was truly "glad tidings of great joy" to all those who believed in and looked for the coming of the Redeemer, of the world. Then came the shepherds and wise and good men from the east, with the tributary offerings of gold and spices, which they laid down at the humble birth place of the young child, as they there offered up the homage of their devoted hearts. This is beautifully represented in the picture before us. We think the dress upon Mary is somewhat too gay, as also seem most of the decorations, to be in keeping with the Record; but these defects are atoned for in the beau-

ty, the loveliness and virgin simplicity, so divinely impressed upon the face and features of the Mother and Child.—"And angels came also, and worshipped him!"

"Glory to God, in strains, till now, unknown,
By every, glowing Seraph round the throne;
Peace to this earth, all worlds admire the plan
Of Heaven's free, vast benevolence to Man!"

From the birth-place of Jesus we return again to view him arraigned before the tribunal of Pilate. Here we see him mocked, insulted, spit upon, and condemned to die! But the great tragedy does not end here. We must go up to Calvary!—We now ascend to the 3d Gallery, where, as we enter, a scene unfolds to our astonished eyes, representing one of the greatest events recorded in the history of man. The crucifixion of Jesus the SAVIOUR of Mankind, between two thieves. We did not expect to find within the limits of a single chamber a perfect representation of Mount Calvary, its height, its magnitude, together with all the vast magnificence of the surrounding scenery. The accomplishment of all this, in wax-work, we knew was impossible; and yet the exhibition is so admirably contrived, and so judiciously arranged as to produce an effect surprisingly powerful and imposing.

The figures, 30 in number, are all as large as life. Those upon the Cross are rude, to a trifling exception, and they have so much the character and appearance of reality, that we seem ready to start back as they open to our view. The true and manly proportions of their figure; the just delineation of the muscles; the well studied positions of the heads, and the remarkable and characteristic expressions of the features on each face, all indicate the hand of a master genius in their execution, while they excite the wonder and admiration of every beholder. But what feeling is this, that now comes over us! Whence this wringing of the heart, this troubling of soul! Aye! it is that they have pierced Him! while he cried "Father forgive them!" they knew not what they do." Him! that came to them with mercies, and blessings, and with good will. Him! that restored the lame and the blind; that healed their sick, comforted their poor, and gave them lessons and examples of kindness, of piety, and of moral virtue—and a new commandment;—"That they love one another!"—Him, have they shamefully crucified, and put to death!—See the hardened cruelty of his enemies!—Mocking and reviling him while in the agonies of death! Look! see he dies! now "it is finished!"

Behold men at the foot of his cross! See, she is fainting! She smiled on her babe at Bethlehem; when the radiance of heaven shone around his face, and his bright eyes beamed up so beautifully from the manger! and, with all the tenderness of maternal care, she had reared him up; and her heart was rejoiced when she saw him rise in wisdom, in knowledge, and benevolence, as he reached to the beauty of manhood; and when he stood in all the fullness of his mission before assembled multitudes, preaching peace and good-will, and speaking as never man spoke!—And now could she live, and see her beloved son die upon Calvary!—Lo! she sinks into the arms of Mary and Martha!—The heavens roll along in midnight hur! and Jerusalem lieth in thick darkness! The sun of day withholds its cheering light; and the sun of Righteousness is set!—Hark!—'tis the voice of the good Centurion—hear! "TRULY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD!" There are they too, who revel on the dark and gloomy confines of the Tomb! Yes, they seek the vestiges of death! they cast lots for the raiment!

We now break from the description and our moral reflections, to offer our tribute of praise and commendation to the proprietor of this museum, for the accomplishment of so great an undertaking; and to the artists whose taste and skill deserve much more than our warmest approbations can bestow—particularly Mr. Launitz the sculptor, who composed and executed the Crucifixion entire; which is certainly the greatest performance we ever beheld, in any work of this kind. The head and figure of Christ before Pilate, and the head of the laughing old Chinese were also, as we are informed, designed and modelled by Mr. Launitz. These heads, as well as the others executed by this ingenious artist, are more true to the character, and more faithfully expressed than any others in the collection. He deserves every encouragement in his art. In conclusion we cannot forbear from repeating our invitations to the citizens, and all who have not seen this splendid and interesting exhibition, to pay a visit to the museum without delay; and we doubt not that they will be amply repaid for all that it will cost them.

POETRY.

THE SNOW STORM.

The day was so dreary, the wind from the east,
The cold it was pinching to man and to beast;
And the clouds seemed to labor with snow;
When William had drove all his flocks to the barn,
To shelter them well, and to keep them from harm,
For he saw by the skies it would soon be a storm,
And he thought it would bluster and blow.

And now, said the shepherd, my flocks are all sure,
My cows from the fell, my bleaters secure,
Beside it is Saturday night;
And if I should loiter, and stay me away,
And see not my Mary, a'! what would she say?
She might think that her William was going to stray.

She might think it was coldness and slight,
He whistled to Tinker, he threw round his plaid,
Nor fear'd the dark night, while he sought the dear maid,
For oft had he travelled that way;

The snow, how it drifted! the wind, how it blew!
But what was the storm to a lover so true?
Or the depth of the snow, should he meet but with you,
Dear Mary, thy presence was May.

As far as he lived, thought no ill to befall,
And his poor, faithful dog trudging close by his side,
For they'd no great distance to roam:
Through the waste and the woodland, and turning the stile,
Why, the whole of the journey is scarcely a mile;
Let me see but my Mary—a kiss and a smile,
And then I'll return to my home.

Come, Tinker, come near me, for fear you should stray,
The snow it grows deeper, more trackless the way,
I wish not to leave you behind:

If Tinker should tarry, my Mary would sigh;
How she calls you "dear fellow," and watches your eye!
How she pats on your head, when she bids you good bye!

Her heart is so tender and kind!
More dark grew the night, and more fierce the wind blew,

When the church on the hill was first snatch'd from his view,
Yet he thought that he heard the church bell,
"Come, Tinker, before me, and find out the way,
For Mary will wonder what makes us to stay,
And travellers in winter are apt for to stray,
Such stories of pilgrims they tell."

His faithful companion, the snow drifts among,
Bark'd loud as he cheered his dear master along,
For no moon or star could be seen:

Away then he wandered, benumbed and so chill,
And no more saw the church on the top of the hill,
Or the light that had gleam'd from the house of the mill,
And the frost it was nipping and keen.

He dreaded the cliff that hung over the wave,
And the half-frozen pool, old the wanderer's grave;
Then breathless and pale with the blast—
"Thou Father Almighty, thou Ruler on High,
Whose storms shake the ocean, the earth, and the sky,

Oh! protect but my love, and contented I die!"
Thus he prayed, and these words were his last.

To the lone humble cottage, where Mary, forlorn,
On hopes and on fears alternately borne,
Poor Tinker ran swift for relief:

He paw'd at the threshold, he fawn'd at her foot,
Now howling with anguish, now prostrate and mute,
"Would have melted a satyr, to see the dumb brute,

But Mary was frantic with grief.
"This mantle, (his present,) shall shroud my cold form,

And I'll search for my love, in the depths of the storm;
Come, Tinker, and show where he lies.

Last night, how I dreamt that my William was here,
All blythe, and so gay, like the spring of the year,
Ah, me! how his voice seems to thrill in my ear,
How I feast on the glance of his eyes."

She wrapp'd round her mantle, to shroud her cold form,
And her soft, flowing locks waved abroad to the storm,
The icicles hung from her hair;

That bosom where William had often reclined,
Was rudely caress'd by the rough, piercing wind,
Yet still as it panted, it brought him to mind,
For deep was his love planted there.

She paused as she passed where the hawthorn tree grew,
For first in its shade had he vow'd to be true,
And she sighed, and bade it adieu:

She stalked to the cliff that hangs over the wave,
And the half-frozen pool, (now the wanderer's grave.)
The snow drifted round her—one shriek she now gave!

Now, William, I slumber with you!
Three days and three nights the loud tempest did last,

Nor shrunk by the weather, nor scared by the blast,
Poor Tinker was faithful to death:
He watched o'er the spot where the lovers were laid,
Where William was found, in the arms of the dead;

On the hand that had fed him he dropped his cold head,
And, gasping, resigned his last breath.

In sorrowful dirge they were borne to their home,
And many a villager mourned at their tomb,

And wept as they bade it adieu:
And you who may read the sad tale I relate,
Should you ere love like them, may you ne'er meet their fate,
But know, from their virtues, their bliss is complete,
And learn from a dog to be true.

VARIETY.

A Yankee Trick. A friend has furnished us with the following narrative: Time, 17—. Location, Albany county, New-York. Parties, a Dutchman and a Yankee.

Jonathan had grown tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, he "didn't git nothin but cabbage and homespun;" and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal, if his sire had not utterly refused to loan him his cast-off regimentals; but, for all his disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to "gun the flats" whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of boarding-schools, which he could call his own. His pockets, however, never had felt the weight of a single flip which did not, some how or other, find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with "the old man," begged three and sixpence from his grandmother, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose inner-man borrowed its vivacity from outer, which ranged somewhere between the Falstaff and Turtle-soup fashions, inclining, as years multiplied, to the former, and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Van Higginsbeck gifted precisely eight feet Flemish. His words were few, and emphatic; his movements deliberate, to a charm; and he made it his chief boast that he never had been cheated.

Jonathan learned at an inn, that Michael had a snug, but untenanted, farm, in a distant county; and after making sundry inquiries touching Myndeer, repaired to his homestead, and offered to take the untenanted farm "at the halves." To this proposition Michael agreed, adding a condition that he should have the *tops* and Jonathan the *bottoms* of all that was raised. Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of his bargain, and Michael, to his pipe, chuckling at his adroitness in overreaching the Yankee. Time brought the harvest, and with it Michael to demand his rent. The season had been propitious, and Jonathan gathered in abundance. Will you take your half now, sir? *Yare*, replied Michael. Jonathan pointed to a huge pile of *tops*; the *bottoms* were—potatoes. The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding; but it was too late to grumble: there was the bargain, and there were his *tops*. Thinking still to come round the Yankee, he rented his farm to him a second year, conditioning at its expiration for all the *bottoms*. Another year elapsed, and Michael appeared to claim the *bottoms*; but Jonathan had planted nothing but wheat. "Mue Got!" exclaimed Myndeer, "teteem Yankee gets to *tops* and to *bottoms*; put I vill have ten bote mimeself next year." At the close of the next year came Michael with his teams; but Jonathan had decamped with the *corn*, leaving behind him, according to agreement, all the *tops* and *bottoms* for his landlord.

Harford Weekly Review.

Too big a book! A man being about to purchase a young horse, was fearful he might prove skittish, as the phrase is; and in order to test his soundness, or strength of nerve, directed his boy to go a little way off, behind the next corner, and he would ride the colt down opposite to him, when the boy should start suddenly out, and cry "book!" and if the colt could stand that, it would be proof enough of his being firm and well broke. The boy took his station, and the man mounted and rode along; but when he came opposite the corner, and the boy jumped out and cried "book!" the colt threw him off. The rider picked himself up soon, however, and, rubbing his shoulders and shins, asked the boy what he did so for. "Why, father," said the boy, "you told me to say *book*?" "Yes," said the old man, "but there was no need of saying such a *big book* to such a little horse."

Sullivan Mercury.

Stonington. We like old Stonington, and every thing about it. We have seen smoke in that spunky little town, and seen some eighteen or twenty good fellows with a couple of rusty eighteen pounders, without carriages, and almost without ammunition, combat sturdily with a squadron of British ships of war; among which were a line of battle ship, a razee, and a bomb vessel of the heaviest class. We have seen a few hardy and gallant spirits fight an eighteen gun brig till thirty or forty of her crew lay weltering upon deck in their own blood; and all this with the two crazy guns afore-said, which could only be *waddled* by gathering cornstalks from a neighboring field.

Conjugal affection. After the heat of the late contest in the streets of Paris had subsided, a woman was seen running about, and eagerly examining every dead body in her way—she was looking for her husband. A gentleman who had watched her progress for some time, endeavored to console her with the hope of his being yet alive. "No, he must be killed; I have not set eyes on him since the morning; I hope in God I shall find his body, for he has got the key of the street door in his pocket."

A red nose. A Virginia planter, who had a remarkably fiery nose, was one hot summer's day sleeping in the shade, with a negro in attendance, having a fan to keep off the mosquitoes. Cuff seeing a large gallinipper alight on his master's nose and immediately fly off, exclaimed, "Ah, rot your heart! me glad you burnt your foot!"

Gen. Lafayette. At a banquet given by the Seventh Legion of the National Guard of Paris to General Lafayette, a speech was pronounced by General Matthew Dumas, from which we make the following extract:—

Fifty years since, at the same season of the year, and if my memory is faithful, almost on the same day, General Washington came, accompanied by General Lafayette, to pay his first visit to the French army disembarked at Rhode Island, and to unite the arms and standards of the United States with the arms and standards of France. He returned to his quarters, and I had the honor to form part of his escort. On the way, we passed near a small town, now become a very considerable one, when a crowd of children met us, each carrying a flambeau and filling the air with acclamations: they compelled the General to stop, and kissed his kness. Much affected, Washington turned to us, and said these memorable words:—"We are about to open a campaign—God only knows what will be the fate of war—we shall, perhaps, be beaten—but here, (putting his hands upon the heads of the young children,) here is an army our enemies can never conquer."

THE TWO "WAT TYLERS." Mr. Tyler had a brother Watkins, who commanded in a corps of volunteers, and was invariably present in our boxes. This gave rise to a droll coincidence: Cherry was playing *Lingo*, in "The Agreeable Surprise" one evening; and when he came to the question to Cowslip—"You never heard of the great heroes of antiquity, Homer, Helogabulus, Moses, and Wat Tyler?" the audience laughed loudly, and turned their eyes upon Captain Wat Tyler in the boxes. Cherry was known to be in the habit of introducing jokes of his own; and the gallant officer concluding this to be such a one, left his seat when the act was over, and went behind the scenes, where he desired Dick Row, our prompter, to let him look at the book. He was greatly agitated, and Row in instant surmise the cause. "Sir," said he, as the captain turned over the leaves hurriedly, his face burning, and throat choking with indignation, "Mr. Cherry spoke the author."—"Indeed, sir!" replied the son of Mars; "I'm afraid not, sir—I'm afraid not; and by St. Patrick and the seven holy stars! if he dared to—I—eh." At this moment he had found the right place, and the words met his eye: his features instantly relaxed into a comical smile, and, looking at Row, he exclaimed, "By the powers! there's two of us, sure enough! Mr. Cherry, sir, was correct, and I beg you ten thousand pardons for this intrusion!" saying which he returned the book, made an elegant bow and retreated.

A Debutant. Mr. Hunn was a silk-mercier at Plymouth, carrying on business to a great extent, he had received a good education, and could wield his pen with nearly as great facility as his measure. Being devotedly attached to theatricals, he assumed the chair of criticism, praised Shakspeare, and ca-tigated the actors. Soon after his marriage he failed in business, and went on the stage; but in doing so, discovered that there was a difference between the capability of appreciating the merits of a dramatic picture, and the power of producing one. It is a difficult thing for critics at all times to exemplify their precepts. His debut was at Exeter, where, there being some of the actors he had formerly satirized at Plymouth, they resolved on revenge, and circulated among their friends such reports of his talents as to prejudice the town against him. Though a well made man from his hip upwards, he stood upon a pair of pedestals even more delicate than those of the never-to-be-forgotten Dicky Suett. These were the first things to attract the public eye, and the sarcasm of his enemies. His acting, unluckily, not being of an order to array the favor of the many against the pique of a few, so much displeasure was evinced, that he required the interference of his wife (a ruling favorite at Exeter) to enable him to proceed. His efforts, however, tended only to produce another tumult, and a second time his amiable partner came on to entreat their indulgence, when a countryman rose up in the pit, and in a broad dialect replied, "I tell'ee what, marm; it do'n't signify talking, if Mr. Mark Antony don't go whoam directly I'll throw my hat at un, and break both his legs."

Bernard's Recollections of the Stage.

Sporting. An old man, who was never accused of being a wizard, went out with his gun one day to hunt squirrels, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was charged with a severe load; and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the little animals, he took a rest, and blazed away, expecting to see him fall, of course. But not so did it happen; for the gun recoiled with so much force as to kick him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Alpha, did I point the right end of the gun at the squirrel?"

An Irish defence. Some years ago, Mr. Boyle (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called *The Freeholder*,) came in contact with one of the City Sheriffs at the theatre. He suffered so much from this collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Jurors, at that time were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a corporation jury were not in the habit of leaning to the side of mercy when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought beneath their justice. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation; and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the Judges at the Assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empanelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained by Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client, altho' it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and Mr. O'Connell, declining to call rebutting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding that his appeal to justice made little apparent way into the hearts of a Cork corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner:—"Gentlemen, I remember a trial at Clonmel of a poor man, on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence, like what you have just now heard, was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the case against him closed. He requested leave to call a witness, and, to the amazement of the court, produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had only been 'kilt.' The Judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word *guilty* written on it. The Judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed, 'Why the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?' 'Oh, my Lord,' replied the foreman, 'that may be; but if he did not kill the man, he stole my lay more three years ago.' So, gentlemen, (enclined O'Connell,) you must find Mr. Boyle guilty; for, though he did not assault the sheriff, sure he libelled the corporation." The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.

Bolivar. The following proclamation was issued at Santa Martha just before the schooner Padmon sailed, which has arrived at Baltimore in 38 days, having left there on the 13th Dec. There is hardly a doubt that the next arrival from that quarter will bring tidings of the death of the great South American Liberator.

"Columbians!" You have witnessed my efforts to plant Liberty where Tyranny before reigned: I have labored with disinterestedness, sacrificing my own fortune, and even my tranquility. I resigned the command when I was persuaded that you no longer had any confidence in my disinterestedness; my enemies abused your credulity, and trampled upon what to me are held most sacred, my reputation and my love of liberty. I have been the victim of my persecutors, who have driven me to the borders of the grave—I freely pardon them.

"Upon my departure from among you, my affection dictates to me the propriety of manifesting to you my last desires: I aspire not to a higher glory than the consolidation of Colombia: it is the duty of all to labor for the benefit of the Union. The people must obey the actual Government, to liberate themselves from anarchy. The Ministers of the Sanctuary must direct their prayers to heaven, and the soldiers must employ their swords in defence of social rights."

"Columbians! Should my death be the means of allaying the rage of party spirit, and consolidating the Union, I go down in tranquility to the tomb."

"SIMON BOLIVAR."

The Bear with the tea-kettle. The following anecdote evinces the hardness of bears. Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves from the rivers, was last year excessively scarce. A great famine consequently existed among them, and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Kamshatka. One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court: the bear smelt it and burst his nose; provoked at the pain he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burst himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the neighborhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon despatched by shots from the windows. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's people; for, when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "the bear with the tea-kettle."

Katebow.

Origin of Broom Corn. It is stated in Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, that the original cultivation of broom corn in this country, originated with Dr. Franklin; the Doctor accidentally saw an imported whisk of corn in the possession of a lady of Philadelphia, and while examining it as an article of curiosity, saw a seed which he secured and planted, and thus originated the abundant and lucrative crops which are so beautifully spread over our meadows in the season of vegetable life.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN M'LEAN OF OHIO.

We have been obligingly furnished with the following sketch of the character of a man who occupies a deserved eminence among his fellow-citizens, and whose career of usefulness and distinction must continue to attract to him the favor and attachment of his countrymen.

John M'Lean was born in Somerset county, in the state of New-Jersey, on the 11th of March, 1785. During his childhood his father removed to the vicinity of Lexington, in Kentucky, where he remained until he purchased a tract of land in the Miami country, which he first occupied in 1797. He continues to reside on the same farm, now, by the rapid progress of improvement, brought within the limits of the noble state of Ohio. This respectable and adventurous pioneer on the verge of civilization, who encountered so long since the perils of the wilderness, was far from being affluent, and his restricted pecuniary means prevented him from conferring upon his sons the advantages of a classical education, even if there had been seminaries for imparting such instruction in those remote settlements. They could only partake of the rudimentary education to be derived from the common schools in the country, in which, however, John distinguished himself for proficiency, from the earliest period of his career. He always occupied the first place in his class, and as a pupil, was noticed for the steadiness of his purpose, which has so strongly marked his subsequent life.

He continued on his father's farm, engaged in the invigorating and interesting labors of a husbandman, until 1802; when animated by a laudible desire of enlarging the store of his knowledge, he left his paternal roof and fields, and commenced the study of the Latin language, and other branches of liberal learning under the direction of two gentlemen of the neighborhood, well qualified to superintend his literary inquiries.

In 1804 he entered the office of Gen. Cano, the clerk of the courts held in Cincinnati, and during three years in this capacity, he availed himself of every opportunity for improvement. It was then, too, that he began the study of the law, under the guidance of the late Arthur St. Clair, son of the honorable, though unfortunate general of the same name, a gentleman of great legal attainments, and eminent for the possession of those qualities of the heart, which adorn human nature. Sensible that his means for acquiring knowledge, had been restricted during the early part of his life, and that uncontrollable circumstance had embarrassed his advancement, young M'Lean now resolved to achieve all that untiring diligence could accomplish, to place himself on an equality in point of information, with those whose previous opportunities had been superior to his own. He consequently imposed upon himself very rigid tasks of mental application, even limiting his hours of sleep to the smallest demands of nature, that no time might be needlessly abstracted from the primary effort to fit himself for all the duties of life. This assiduity was well rewarded, for in 1806 he began to practice the law. At that time several gentlemen of much reputation were at the bar to which he was admitted, and Mr. M'Lean soon gained a high standing, and with it, extensive business, both which he maintained amidst powerful competitors.

Public attention and popular regard could not fail to be directed toward the unusually rapid advancement of the man, who, by his own unassisted worth and powers, rose every day in their view with solid strength, and was as they say, thus preparing for usefulness to his country.

In 1812, at the age of 27 years, he was selected a candidate for Congress in the district where he lived, which included Cincinnati, and was elected by a majority of more than double the number of votes given the two other citizens who were supported against him. He took his seat in the great councils of the nation, in the summer session, succeeding the declaration of war. It was an era of deep interest, demanding great wisdom and energy in the conduct of public affairs. A system of revenue was adopted, and various other subjects of much moment were acted upon at that crisis. Mr. M'Lean was young, and, comparatively speaking inexperienced, and manifested his prudence and good sense by avoiding debate, preferring to improve himself by listening to the arguments of mature statesmen, whilst he uniformly gave his support to the war by his votes, among the tried republicans of that eventful day. He was not, however, long, a silent observer of the concerns of Congress; his active and patriotic mind soon entered into the efficient service of the representative station. He brought forward and supported with success, a bill to compensate those who lost their property which was employed in the public service, at the surrender of Detroit.—This gave additional force to his already well earned popularity in his own

district. He was the author of the measure which placed the widows of officers and soldiers who fell in their country's battles, on the half-pay pension list five years. The benefits of this humane act, were extensively felt by a class of persons, whose bereaved condition deeply excited the public sympathies; and the zeal with which he urged its adoption, shed new lustre over the character of its projector. Such offices of mercy win the hearts of a generous people, for it will be an enduring truth that

"No radiant pearl, which no erected fortune wears
Nor gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun : that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For others we, down virtue's manly cheeks."

He now began to feel the responsibility of his calling, and to perceive with modest pleasure the consideration which was awarded to his opinions, and Mr. M'Lean therefore took a prominent position in the discussions on the policy of the war, and in favor of its vigorous prosecution, supporting the administration with great firmness and eloquence. He was a member of the committee on "foreign relations," and also of that on "public lands," and having much more local business of his constituents to transact, which was incident to the state of the conflict with Great Britain, his whole time, and the powers of his mind were given to the public service at Washington.

His first period of duty in the house of Representatives having closed, he was re-elected by the unanimous vote of his district, and such was his popularity, that no one was named as his opponent. It is moreover, a strong and honorable fact, and one which can but seldom be adduced in reference to projects of elective favor, that against Mr. M'Lean, not the slightest censure ever appeared, either concerning his public or private conduct. Returned again, he was actively engaged in the business of the House, and was justly ranked amongst the ablest members of that body.—During the session of the Legislature of Ohio in 1814-15, he was strongly solicited to become a candidate for the Senate of the Union, but he declined the honor intended him, partly on account of his age, but mainly because he much preferred the House of Representatives. At the next session of the Ohio legislature, he yielded to the wishes of his friends, and was unanimously elected Judge of the Supreme court of that state.—He left Congress with regret, but the wants of an increasing family, imposed duties which he could not forego; the most exemplary economy did not enable him to meet their wants, with the pay which he received as a Federal Representative.

During six years, he discharged the arduous and responsible office of Supreme Judge, during which period he increased the revenue full half a million of dollars, and nearly double the stage transportation of the mail throughout the United States. No officer of our government ever devoted himself more faithfully to his duties, and very few individuals are capable of undergoing the amount of labor to which he subjected himself. His maxim was, that nothing be considered done, whilst any thing remained undone. His deep and lasting impression was made upon the whole country, by his renovation of this vitally important branch of the government. He continued to exercise the functions of Post-Master General, during the administration of Mr. Adams, whose election he did not promote, in such a manner as to add to his already rich and honest fame.

In the autumn of 1822, Judge M'Lean without his solicitation or knowledge, was appointed by President Monroe, commissioner of the land office, which station he was induced to accept after much consideration.

On the first of July following, by the same discerning chief magistrate, he was selected for the difficult place of Post-Master General, a department which at that time was overwhelmed with debt, and destitute of the least inducement, short of a sense of duty, and a confidence in the patriotism of the people, for any to encounter the herculean task of re-organization, or to attempt to render it solvent. Judge M'Lean however, did not rely in vain upon the hope that if he endeavored to sustain himself, the people would yield him their support. Neither were they disappointed. He entered at once upon his task, with the unflinching stock of moral courage and industry, that were his best aids, superadded to the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and the nation need not be told to detail what were the results of his vast labor.

The three years preceding his appointment, the receipts of the department fell short of expenditures 262,821 dollars, and for the year immediately preceding, 55,540 dollars. He remained in office until 1829 during which on the choice of General Jackson, he was ap-

pointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, a station which he now fills with equal dignity, ability and purity.

[A WOOLLEN SNOW.]

Sr,
You cannot but form some strange conjectures concerning the matter, which upon ye first opening of this letter you find enclosed in it, if you allow any time for conjecturing before you have read all ye Letter over.

If I make so much haste as to tell you, you have here enclosed a *Snow-ball*, you will wonder what ye *American snow* should be made of, & you will affirm this is the first *Time* that ever a Gentlman sent his Friend a parcel of *Snow* wrapt up in a letter to him at least at such a Distance as ye breadth of ye wide Atlantic. When you read of *Heaven giving Snow like Wool*, I know you have taken it as it is, for a poetical expression; and very much admired the sacred Poetry. But a *Snow* of *Wool* without a Metaphor is a thing so unusual as to be almost incredible, & yet I must ask that such a thing may find some credit with you.

For, Sir, I do assure you That this *Wool* did fall from Heaven; and a considerable quantity of it; and at a Time when more common snow was falling.

I have unhappily mislaid the Large, & full, & well-asserted account of it, with which I furnished myself, at ye Time of it, which was a few years ago: So that I cannot be so particular in my Relation, as I shall be, if I happen to recover it. But, however, my memory sufficiently serves me to assert so much as may afford you a tolerable Satisfaction which is, That at a Town in one of our Colonies, called *Fairfield* in ye Depth of Winter, there fell a *Snow*, as at other Times; but there was a large Frozen Spot, of I know not how many Acres, which instead of the *Snow*, that lay in other places, was covered with a very Considerable Quantity of that *Wool*, whereof I now tender a Specimen to your Acceptance. The Stories that you have read about a Rain of *Flood*, I can guess what you think of; And what a Roman Historian relates about a Rain of *Gold*, I can guess what some others would be glad of. *Thunans* will tell you of *Corn* rained for the Space of Two Hours & of Two miles together. You are so well acquainted with such Relations that it would be a perfect Rudeness in me to mind you of ym. A *Snow* of *Wool* & what would be proper to make us a *Double* clothing that we may not be afraid of ye *Snow*, I do not remember that I have any where met withal. When we read of a *Faithful Messenger* compared unto the cold of *Snow* in the Time of *Harvest*, I was well pleased with the *Danish Gloss* in ye Margin, which explains it of the *Reverend Saur*, where-with it was used with them to temper their Wine in ye time when the *Estival Heat* of *Harvest* exercised ym. Of this you find many Intimations in *Antiquity* besides those in *Athenus* & in *Xenophon* & in *Callistratus*. Both *Pliny* & *Martial* I remember complain of ye usage tho' ye following Ages imitate it & continue it. My letter, Sr, affirms itself to be a *Faithful Messenger*; it utters all possible Fidelity in its Relations. It brings indeed another Sort of *Snow*. I shall Rejoice if it all Refresh the *Souls* of my Masters, and if it may be allowed ye Honour of being thought to convey a curiosity at all worthy of ye Notice of that Illustrious Society, whereof & of their Honourable Secretary, I am ambitious to be reckoned,

Sr,
A most humble & obedient Servant.
To Mr. Walker.

Raw beefsteaks. With respect to raw beef being nauseous, it may at once be observed, that "*de gustibus non est disputandum*," and consequently that we ought only to say, it would be nauseous to us: in fact, even Salt, who was by no means an unprejudiced man, after having eaten raw flesh in Abyssinia, says—I am satisfied it is merely prejudice which deters us from this food." But admitting that it is nauseous, that forms no proof whatever that it is likely to be the food of man; for it is well known that there is no animal that feeds so grossly as we do. Captain Parry, for instance, thus describes the appetites of the human beings it became his fortune to visit. "It is impossible to describe the horribly disgusting manner in which they sat down as soon as they felt hungry to eat their raw blubber, and to suck the oil remaining on the skins we had just emptied. I found that Photoodook had been successful in bringing in a seal, over which two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then emanated into their mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager bystanders, for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels, the children came in for no small share, every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter house, running eagerly in, and presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar candy."

A bite. Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V. was a great cocknib. He got punished one day by a young lady at Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foolish manner.—She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked in her face, with what he thought ineffable softness in his eyes, and (we may suppose) some infatigable and writhing gestures—

"Se amor non e, che dunque e quel che in sento?"
"If 'tis not love I feel, pray then what is it?"
"Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."
This story got abroad, and Alfonso became the jest of the city.

EPIGRAM.

A gay Lord Edward, in a lively freak,
Kiss'd ancient Margaret, (for the dame was kind,)
He found, although the rose had left her cheek,
The thorn upon her chin remained behind!

[Presuming the following to be original and not extracts, we have taken the liberty of erasing the author's general head of "EXCERPTS."] Ed.

PROMISES. Promises and their performance commonly stand related to each other in reciprocal ratio; the oftener reiterated the less likely to be fulfilled. If a man pledges his word once, perhaps you will trust him; if he repeats the promise over and over with a conditional clause, as "if I am alive and well," "if providence spares me," and especially if he confirms his asseveration by an oath, have done with that man; his intention expires while the word dies on his lips.

THE RULING PASSION. Every one has a ruling passion. The failure a man experiences in securing others in his own behoof arises mainly from want of sagacity to detect their foibles. On every other point a man may be impragnable but & out the weak side, and success is sure. Philip of Macedon so well understood the temper of the Athenians that his conquest was half completed ere he had commenced his invasion. In vain the mighty thunder portrayed in frightful colors the wily machinations of this subtle aspirant; the lure was irresistible; the proffered gold unbarred the gates, and the glory of Attica sunk forever. The sarcastic remark of Napoleon on a certain occasion, goes very far to illustrate the character of that unparalleled man. "Eh, your republicans! your boasted republicans! Tie a blue ribbon to their coat and you have no better monarchists in the empire!" Often there exists what may be called a national foible, as inordinate ambition for wealth and power. Such made the city of seven hills "the theatre of nations." In vain her once illustrious senate opposed its feeble barrier to the prodigality and misrule that were "coming in like a flood;" the streams of public virtue were nearly dried at their sources, the flood-gates of anarchy were rending asunder, and the superior sagacity of Caesar only hastened the catastrophe which was ere long inevitable.

CONSCIENCE. To the criminal all things turn traitors—even his own thoughts. No revenge is so sane and vindictive as that of an outraged conscience when passion subsides and gives space to reflection. Hence tyrants and cut throats are unable to endure solitude. They encounter in every shade the ghosts of their ill-fated victims, and close their eyes but to be torn asunder by goblins and furies, or hurried away to flames or precipices. The terrors of the approaching battle of Bosworthfield were far less formidable to the grim-visaged Richard, than the evil genius of his dream that promised a second meeting at Philippi. ALPHA.

A handsome man. Our readers are aware that travellers in Europe are obliged to obtain passports, which give an accurate description of their personal appearance. An English traveller had his passport returned to him at Mayence, while at dinner. On arising from the table, he took up the bill of fare by mistake, folded it up carefully, and left his passport quietly reposing on the table, to astonish the first hungry man that might examine it for the purpose of selecting from the good things of mine host. Off he went to Cologne, where the Prussian police officer at the gate demanded Sir Robert's papers; and on receiving the substituted document, progressively satisfied himself of the identity of the party by what he took for a written description of him.—"Calf's head?"—Yes. "Bullock's tongue, Pig's ches, Saus's ears?"—Right. "Hand of pork?"—Yes. "Boar's ham, Rump of beef, Leg of mutton?"—All right. "Stuffed heart?"—I dare say. "Fried liver?"—Been in India, I suppose. "Rhine wine, Burgundy, Champagne, Port Wine, Porter, Currance, Cognac?"—Oh, these are only the gentleman's travelling effects, and concern the Dame. Drive on! The "been in India, I suppose," is a glorious inference.

Behind hand. An idle fellow the other day complaining of his hard lot, said he was born the last day of the year, and the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind-hand. He believed it would have been fifty dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all!

This man belonged to the same school of wits, no doubt, with him who hired himself out to labor for life, at eight dollars a month, with an agreement that he should have half his pay at the end of every month, and the rest when his time was out!

Taunton Reporter.

Alarming prospect. A lady was on the point of marriage: the contract was drawn; the notary was about to read it to her—"The said Miss —, et cetera." This lady, mistaking the last words for *se taira*, (will be silent) immediately stopped the proceedings, and broke off the marriage—alarmed at such a fearful and extraordinary cause.

EPIGRAM.

To purify their wine, some people bleed
A lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good,
To make fine sugar, as a negro's blood.
Now, *lamb* and *negroes* both are harmless things,
And hence, perhaps, this wondrous virtue springs:
'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

Liberator

LUCINDA.

A great way off Lucinda strikes the moon.
When she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A great way off one wishes her again.

March of intellect. At a meeting of a Ladies' Reading Society, not fifty miles from Boston, Catharine I. and Catharine II. were read thus:—Catharine one eye and Catharine two eyes!

From the London Court Journal.

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.

We speak what many hundreds of our readers will confirm from their personal observation, when we say, in respect to the present Sovereign of the British Isles, that the manliness, straightforwardness, benignity, and simplicity of manners which characterize his domestic ways, are the surest and happiest pledge that his public life will be that of a public benefactor. Were it consistent with our space we could narrate hundreds of instances like the solitary anecdote we are about to record, and every one of them would convey additional conviction, that a kinder parent, a more affectionate husband, a better master, or a more considerate host, does not exist throughout our native land. For the substance of what follows we can vouch—for the exact words we do not pledge ourselves.

In earlier years his Majesty served on board the same vessel with Admiral . . . Subsequent circumstances had rendered their intercourse of rare occurrence, but had in no degree diminished the attachment which his Majesty entertained for his gallant and generous hearted shipmate. It was during one of his Majesty's recent rides through Brighton, that he suddenly espied the Admiral quietly treading the pavement, and, instead of expressing his better feelings behind the back of a kindly friend, straight accosted him with, " . . .

" . . . good morning to you! Whither are you bound? You'll come and take dinner with me?" "A thousand thanks, your Majesty!" rejoined the earl, doffing his hat, and recovering from his momentary surprise. "But not alone, . . . you'll bring your lady on your arm." "A thousand pardons! but we are here for nothing more than a few hours' cruise, please your Majesty; and her ladyship's wardrobe is stowed some fifty knots away." "No purring, . . .

" . . . returned the good humored monarch; "come you must, both; and I pledge you my Adelaide's wardrobe will stand up to you." " . . .

Away rode his Majesty, with a friendly nod, almost of command, and away posted the Admiral with no little misgivings as to the dilemma in which her ladyship's want of every maidmaid constituting drawing-room apparel, b'd fair to involve them. What a short hour at the toilet could effect, was of course set in motion; and from the sorry boarder of a plain lodging house, the gallant sailor and his lady made good their passage to a royal drawing room. And what think ye, gentle reader, awaited them? A plain, coral humming "at home," a queen, whose other necessities of apparel would have put a ren ordinary lady to the blush; a circle of royal relatives and guests, whose amiable and unfeigned deportment banished all the intolerable solemnities of high birth to less happy spheres.

When sufficient homage had been rendered to the pleasures of the table, her Majesty, with the female portion of her circle, retired again to the drawing room. "Of course, Lady, you know our ways, and have not left your work behind?" "Your Majesty!" replied her Ladyship, who really did not know the new ways to enjoyment which had been introduced into royal society; "Your Majesty!—I confess I— . . . Never mind, Lady," returned the Queen with a smile, "never mind; but you shall not be idle, oblige me by embroidering this flower for me!" and in an instant her Ladyship's talents *à la aiguille* were brought to the test. Sprightly and rational converse, and now and then a peep of Spenser's or Spontini's, and now and then an air of Rossini's or Meyerbeer's beguiled the evening's industry until the late hour of eleven. His Majesty and the male branches of his circle, had risen within half an hour of the Queen's departure, and rejoined the happy group. But when eleven had struck, the King with her Majesty retired, as is their wont, not, however, without a good humored command, that their withdrawal should not cut short the hilarity or enjoyments of their guests.

For one high born lip that may curl at the homeliness of such a royal evening, there are myriads of honest and devoted hearts that will hail it of genuine British birth!

Another Royal Anecdote. The Ex-King of Saxony, when his late brother was on his death-bed, was told by his Confessor, that he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, his brother should die and he should ascend the throne. He made the vow, his brother died, and he reigned. But when the time arrived for fulfilling his pledge, he found that his duties and infirmities rendered it impossible. After much discussion about his ghostly father, he compromised the matter by agreeing to scramble, on his knees, up and down the great gallery in the palace, for a certain time every day, until he should have gone over a space equal to the distance between Dresden and Jerusalem. His Majesty had performed a great part of his feat when interrupted by his rebellious subjects.

Literary Gazette.

While we are laughing at the Yankees for some of their *queerities*, most of which, by the way, are either old Anglicisms, or vulgarities which are common to the uneducated classes as well in England as in this country, we hadn't ought to overlook some of our own. While we are sneering because Mr. Jonathan Raw guesses, let us try to correct, now and then, a vulgarism of our own. Whoever heard a Yankee say *I done wrong, I done right—I done the act?* No man ever heard him say so. He says in good English—I *did* so and so. Do we ever hear him use the adverb "once," in any thing like the heathen *once't*, which is so common among our-elves? Has he ever been caught in the phrase—"I tell *like* I should die?"—It looks like it would *like*, for the legitimate English—"as though!" The Yankees never abuse the vernacular adverbs in this unchristian form; nor have we ever caught them calling a bag a *poke*; or saying, they *might* have done a thing they *might*. Indeed, they generally say, in accordance with the grammatical canon of their language, "I *shall* be glad to hear from you," instead of the pagan expression, "I *will* be glad," &c. We merely make these notes for the benefit of an Editor or two, who seem not to have sufficiently attended to the subject. Besides this, we look upon it as an act of philanthropy to certain wiseacres, who take it upon themselves to be very wise and learned in a language which they do not seem to understand,—*viz.* their own.

The correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce thus speaks of Mr. Wirt's colleague in the case:

"Mr. Meredith, of Baltimore, continued yesterday, and will probably conclude to-day, his argument as counsel for Judge Peck. He was occupied, so far, six hours. He is a rare speaker. He seems about 35 years of age only, but he has measured weapons handsomely with the oldest and first among us. His exordium on Wednesday was truly beautiful. For a few minutes he indulged in the softer and lighter strains of an imagination brilliant, yet 'all compact' retorting a gentle and generous, but touching appeal to the manager, who opened with such a broadside of wrath upon his client, and then proceeded to a luminous exposition of his argument, in a style that seemed to impart unmingled satisfaction to Mr. Wirt, if the countenance be an index of the heart, for he smiled very significantly at times towards the Honorable Managers.

"The crowd was so great that the officers of the Senate went to *packing* the spectators in the galleries, to prevent confusion near the door, and the eager hearers from treating on each other. Mr. M. is of middling stature, dark eyes, dark hair, and dark complexion, and is dressed in a mourning suit. To the energy of his thoughts and diction, he adds uncommon gracefulness of manner and gesture, the effect of which is still further heightened by a voice of ready utterance and superior melody. We letter-writers, you know, are quick to discern faults, but this young barrister almost defies criticism. He promises to ascend to the summit of forensic fame in the United States. It remains for Mr. Wirt to unfold his great powers."

Mr. Parke, in his musical Memoir, speaking of a Sunday evening musical party, says the amusement of the evening was conundrums. At length, Mr. Sheridan, in his turn, gave the following: "Why is a pig looking out of the garret window like a dish of green peas?" This coming from Sheridan, excited great attention, every one setting his wits to work to discover the similitude, when, having racked their brains to no purpose for some time, they at length unanimously gave it up. "What?" said Sheridan, "can't any of you tell why a pig looking out of a garret window is like a dish of green peas?" "No, no," being the reply, he, enjoying the perplexity he had thrown them into, good humoredly rejoined, "Faith, nor I neither."

Neighbor Higgins came in rubbing his hands late Wednesday morning, and exclaimed, "What a swingeing cold night we've had—they have a monitor down at Tom Taft's, and by that it was 10 degrees colder than nothing!"—*Keene Sentinel*.

[The weather was uncommonly cold about that time. A man, it is reported, went into a store in that vicinity not long since, (probably the same morning) and assured the bystanders that Squire —'s *Mahometan* was three degrees below *Cæsar*.]

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, at St. Ann's Church Brooklyn, by the Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, Mr. George Fletcher, of New-York, to Miss Mary Eliza, daughter of the late Benjamin Cornwell, Esq. of the former place.

CHINESE

PAINTING, GILDING, & BRONZING.

MRS. SCHULTS informs the public, that she continues to give instruction in the beautiful and elegant art of Gilding, Bronzing and Painting, in imitation of the Chinese; and invites the curious, as well as those who wish to learn, to call at her residence, No. 550 BROADWAY, (near Spring street,) and see the different specimens of herself and pupils, on wood, cloth, tin, paper, and porcelain, which consist of tables, mats, China plates, card-racks, watch cases, fire screens, boxes, &c. &c.

Mrs. S. being persuaded that extravagant charges prevent many from learning, has concluded to fix her price at seven dollars for the course of twenty lessons; and engages to impart to the pupil, in that time, sufficient information to enable them to teach. And as she intends to give instruction in the above accomplishments *permanently*, she will suffer no person to leave her, without being satisfied they understand what has been taught them. She is compelled to state this, in consequence of her having been called on to complete a number who had been imperfectly taught elsewhere. Her style is entirely peculiar to herself, and is an improvement upon that which is generally taught, as her specimens will show.

Venetian Painting is also taught by her, upon the same terms, in the above time.

The morning and afternoon classes for three days in the week being full, another class will commence on Monday, the 7th inst. for the other days.

ALL PRIZES!
NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY.
Extra Class No. 3, for 1851, to be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, February 10th, 1851. 60 No. Lottery—2 drawn—*admits*

SCHEME.			
1	Prize of	\$30,000	is
1	-	20,000	-
1	-	10,000	-
1	-	5,000	-
20	-	1,000	-
20	-	500	-
40	-	250	-
57	-	100	-
57	-	60	-
114	-	50	-
114	-	40	-
114	-	30	-
1596	-	10	-
43624	-	5	-
Whole Tickets \$10; Halves 5; Quarters 2 50.			

FOR SALE AT THE
MANAGERS' OFFICE,
NO. 161 BROADWAY.

Of which 2,250 is payable in Lands. Feb. 5

FLAG HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Large assortment German, India, English, Pongee, &c. Handkerchiefs.
Viso, Lawn and Linen Cambric do. Constantly for sale, at wholesale and retail, by
Feb. 5 D. O. CAULKINS, 56 Maiden-lane.

DR. H. C. THORP'S celebrated Carminantia or Panacea, for the cure of almost every disease arising from the impurity of the blood, as may be seen by a large number of certificates that have been received and have not been published, but are in the possession of the proprietor, to exhibit to all those interested; among which are certificates where have been cured king's evil, salt rheum, dyspepsia, disease of the liver and lungs, rheumatism of long standing, sore throat, ague and fever, diarrhoea, and many others.

The proprietor would inform his agents and consumers, that they may have a constant supply of the above article, on application at No. 131 Walker-st. The price of the above article is \$1.50 cents per bottle, and a liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

This certifies, that my daughter, aged about 15 years, has been for the space of one year, afflicted very severely. She was frequently taken with screaming, and distorting her countenance and her extremities, with the loss of her senses; so that, finally, she became a mere skeleton to behold. I employed Doctors Drake and Strong, whom I believe to be as eminent physicians as are in the State, and no relief could be had; consequently we gave up all hopes, until I went to New-York, and obtained a bottle of Dr. H. C. Thorp's Carminantia, or Panacea: we gave it her, when in a few days she commenced mending, until now she is quite well, and I owe her recovery altogether to his invaluable medicine; and for further evidence I would refer to Doctors Drake and Strong, of this place.

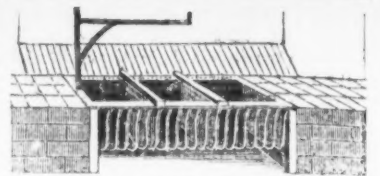
Signed, JOHN THORP, Peckskill, N. Y.
Given under my hand, this 15th day of Nov. 1829.

I, Epenetus P. Gould, do hereby certify, that for two years past, I have been afflicted with the King's Evil, which disabled me from attending to my business for more than two-thirds of the time. I employed the best physical and surgical aid to but little purpose; as it would, after partial relief, relapse with more violence than ever, by spreading itself over my shoulder, arm, and thigh, and the pain I endured with it, is more than pen can describe; so much so, that I was apprehensive it would be the cause of my death in a short time. But, providentially, in looking over the New-York Evening Journal, and seeing Dr. H. C. Thorp's advertisement, I was induced to make trial of his Carminantia, or Panacea. On taking one bottle, I found relief; but taking four large bottles of it, it has restored me to perfect health, and better than I have enjoyed these many years; and for the further satisfaction of those interested, I will, if they will call on me, show the scars it has left.

Signed, EPENETUS P. GOULD,
21st street, between the 8th and 9th avenues.
New-York, Dec. 18, 1829.

This certifies, that for twelve months past, I have been afflicted with the Rheumatism, so that I was deprived from attending to my business, and have tried the skill of many physicians, and many things that I have been advised by my friends, to no avail, until I called on Dr. H. C. Thorp, who recommended his Carminantia, or Panacea: I have taken one bottle, and am now as well as I ever was, and owe my recovery altogether to his valuable medicine.

(Signed) MICHAEL MACUNE,
New-York, Feb. 2, 1830. 33 Columbia-St.

DISBROW'S
JACKSON GRATES.
OR KITCHEN RANGES.

A sure cure for Smokey Chimneys.

A Simple KITCHEN GRATE, completely adapted to burning the Anthracite Coal, for Cooking; and is not only the cheapest, but the best ever offered to the public. A number of them have been in use for several seasons, in some of the first houses in the city; therefore there can be no deception. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

Reference will be given where they may be seen in use. B, this arrangement, more or less fire is made, to suit the convenience of the cook, for cold or hot weather: there is like-wise a great saving in fuel, utensils, &c.

Manufactured and sold by the Invention and Patent, LEVI DISBROW,
At his Water-boring Establishment,
86 Bowler-street, New-York

* Get Meekers, and others, are forewarned infringing on this patent. Feb. 5 3m

PATENT COOKING APPARATUS to be seen at the house No. 33 Chapel-street, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. every day. This apparatus is simple in the construction and will Bake, Roast, Broil and Boil, and is a sure remedy for a smoky chimney.

This apparatus is warranted to answer the above character; and will clear its expense in fuel in one year, by JAMES SAERS, Jan. 29

JOHN D. OGILBY'S
COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

REMOVAL.—The subscriber has removed to the Broadway Hall, between Howard and Grand streets, which he has adapted to the arrangements of his School.

TERMS.—Latin, Greek, English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Mathematics, per Quarter, \$12 50
English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Mathematics, per Quarter, 10 00
Fuel, per annum, 1 00

JOHN D. OGILBY.

N. B. A class of gentlemen, whose business or profession prevent their attendance in the morning has been formed, and will commence this evening. The plan of the course, terms, &c. will be made known.
New-York, Jan. 31st, 1831. Feb. 5

NOTED CHEAP
HAT, CAP AND STOCK
WARE-ROOM.

NO. 132 CANAL-STREET.
BEAVER HATS. \$3 75. Also, beautiful improved style of Sooty Beaver Hats, \$4 25, or \$4 50 per dozen. Imitation Beaver Hats \$2. Men's, Youth's and Children's Caps, of every description, of the best quality, and ten per cent cheaper than any other store in the city.
Boys' Caps, from \$0.30 each to \$2 50.
All kinds of Furs cleaned and repaired.
The public are respectfully invited to call at the above store, and examine for themselves.

PALMER & CO
N. B. One door below Thompson, in Canal street.
Feb. 5

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 35, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P. M.
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomas
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers

For Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of ten per cent.